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Vol. 35 No. 24

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The Day After, by Richard Grenier

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Subject: Introduction of the new 3.2-liter Carrera. The fastest 911 ever.

Among Porschephiles, the name Carrera is revered.

Derived from the Carrera Panamericana, the renowned Mexican road race in which Porsche scored stunning victories during the early 1950's, it is traditionally reserved for the top performing Porsche in a model range.

The following are milestones in Carrera's rich history:

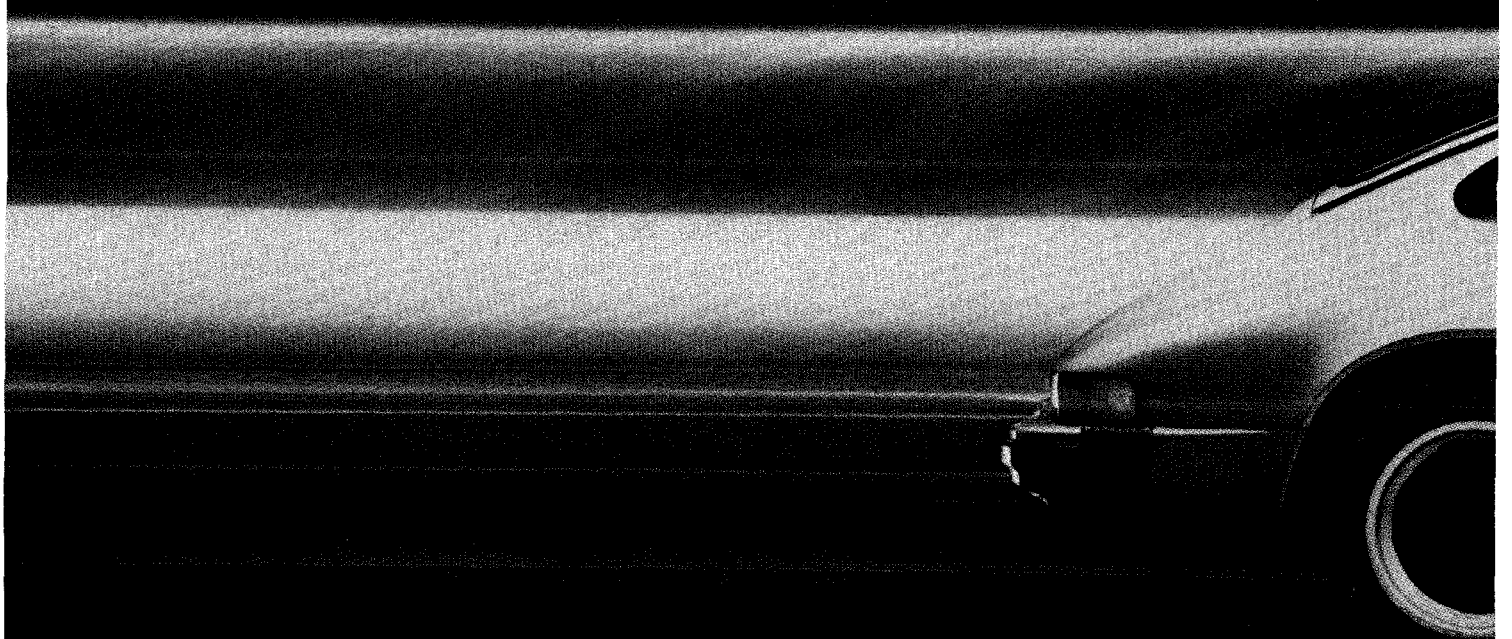
1954: The first Carrera 356 made its debut in Germany. Powered by an unconventional four-cam engine, and capable of 125 mph on the track, it was the enthusiast's car of its day.

1973: Porsche introduced the famed 911 Carrera RS. Built mainly for competition, it outperformed cars with twice the engine displacement and horsepower. That same year, the ultra-light Carrera RSR variation beat everything in sight at Daytona, swept the ISMA Camel GT series and Trans Am, and was named Europe's GT champion.

1974: A street-legal edition of the Carrera RS was introduced in the U.S. in limited numbers. It quickly established new performance standards for production sports cars.

1984: The new 911 Carrera 3.2 replaces the 911 SC. It is the classic 911 design evolved to an even higher state and the fastest 911 ever sold in America.

Its air-cooled 6-cylinder engine, refined over 19 years on the road and on the track, has been increased from 3.0 to 3.2 liters. Horsepower is up from 172 to 200. Yet, despite this added power, fuel economy has actually been increased by 25%. EPA estimated city.*



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Porsche 911 Carrera

D.M.E. Fully Integrated Electronic Fuel Injection System, the system used in the 1983 Le Mans-winning Porsche 956, has replaced earlier components.

The resulting performance is phenomenal even by Porsche standards. On the track, the 911 Carrera accelerates from 0 to 60 mph in an astounding 6.3 seconds.** Top track speed: 146 mph. Higher torque throughout the power range allows more flexibility in gear selection.

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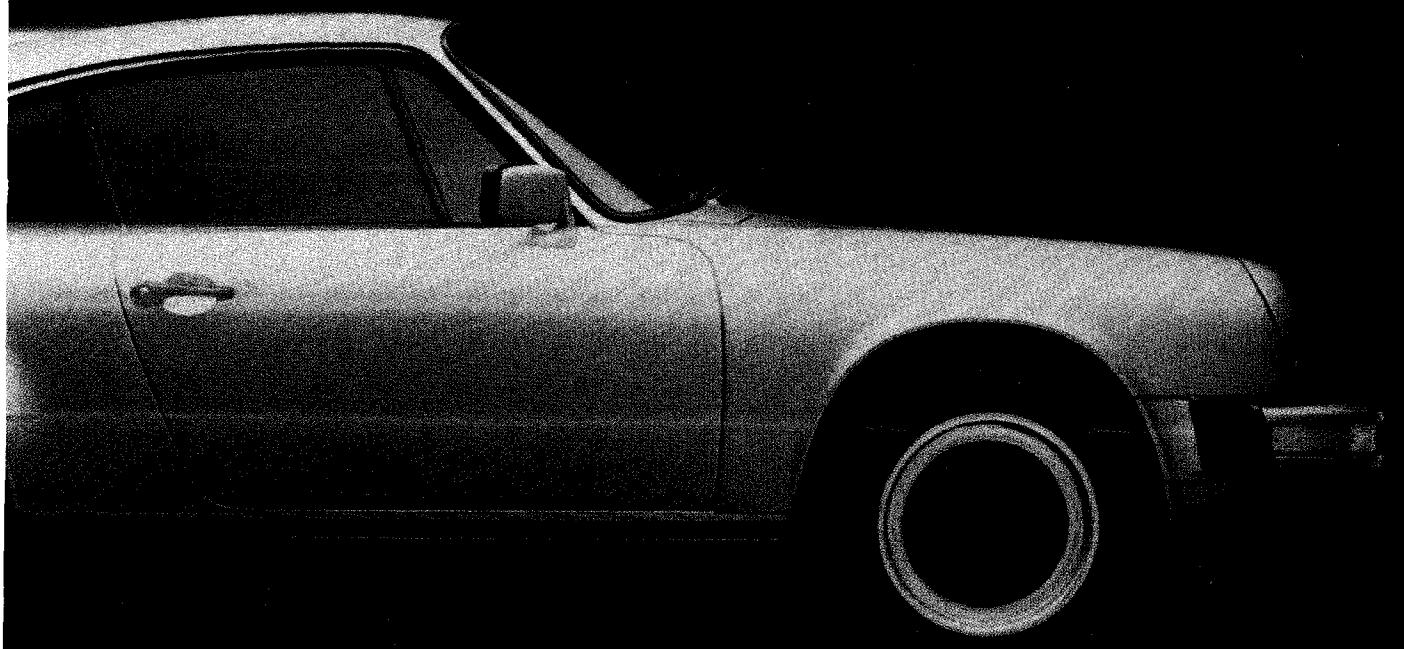

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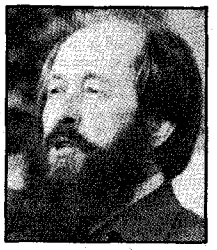
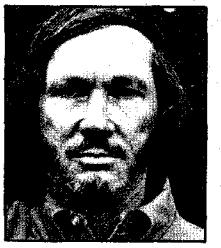
Page 1530

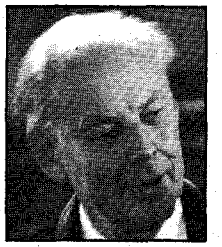


SOLZHENITSYN
Page 1536



GRENIER
Page 1552

RANDALL
Page 1556



CHAMBERLAIN
Page 1560

BRIDGES
Page 1565

The Cover

1536 Three Key Moments In Modern Japanese History

Despite some tragic derailments, Japan has a deep tradition of preserving its own native character in the face of foreign pressures and entanglements. It needs to draw on that tradition now against the temptation to seek a potentially disastrous accommodation with Communist China: the same mistake the West made by allying itself with Stalin.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Articles & Columns

1530 Webster's FBI v. Terrorism

Should the FBI conduct domestic security investigations? The director didn't think so, but that was before the bomb burst in the Capitol air.

John McLaughlin

1532 Sunset for Industrial Policy?

This may be the last article about the new industrial policy that you will ever read, Volcker willing.

Tom Bethell

1534 Grenadian Lessons

President Reagan was wrong not to consult our allies, but right to act without consulting them.

Brian Crozier

1547 What Makes Saxon Run?

He looks like John Glenn and was a test pilot in the Air Force. When it comes to teaching algebra, John Saxon is A-OK. *Richard Brookhiser*

1552 The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show

To understand *The Day After*, you have to understand the terrible feelings of inferiority TV people harbor toward movie people. So when Brandon Stoddard saw the chance to be just as relevant and controversial and all that sort of thing as Costa-Gavras, well, *naturally* . . . *Richard Grenier*

Books Arts & Manners

1556 **Francis B. Randall** hopes Edward Luttwak is wrong about the Soviet Union, but he wouldn't bet on it. . . . **Joseph Sobran** wishes Michael Harrington would distinguish between reform and progress. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** tots up Murray Rothbard's gaffes on banking. . . . **John Chamberlain** reflects benignly on the health, physical and mental, of Norman Cousins. . . . **John Simon** finds *Under Fire* hits a few bull's-eyes. . . . Even at her worst, Billie Holiday was one of the best, says **Ralph de Toledano**. . . . **Linda Bridges** attends the Met's centennial gala. . . . **D. Keith Mano** takes the measure of a giant.

Letters	**1514**
For the Record	**1519**
The Week	**1520**
hel	**1548**
Abroad	**1550**
The Right Books	**1567**
On the Right	**1572**
Trans-O-Gram	**1574**

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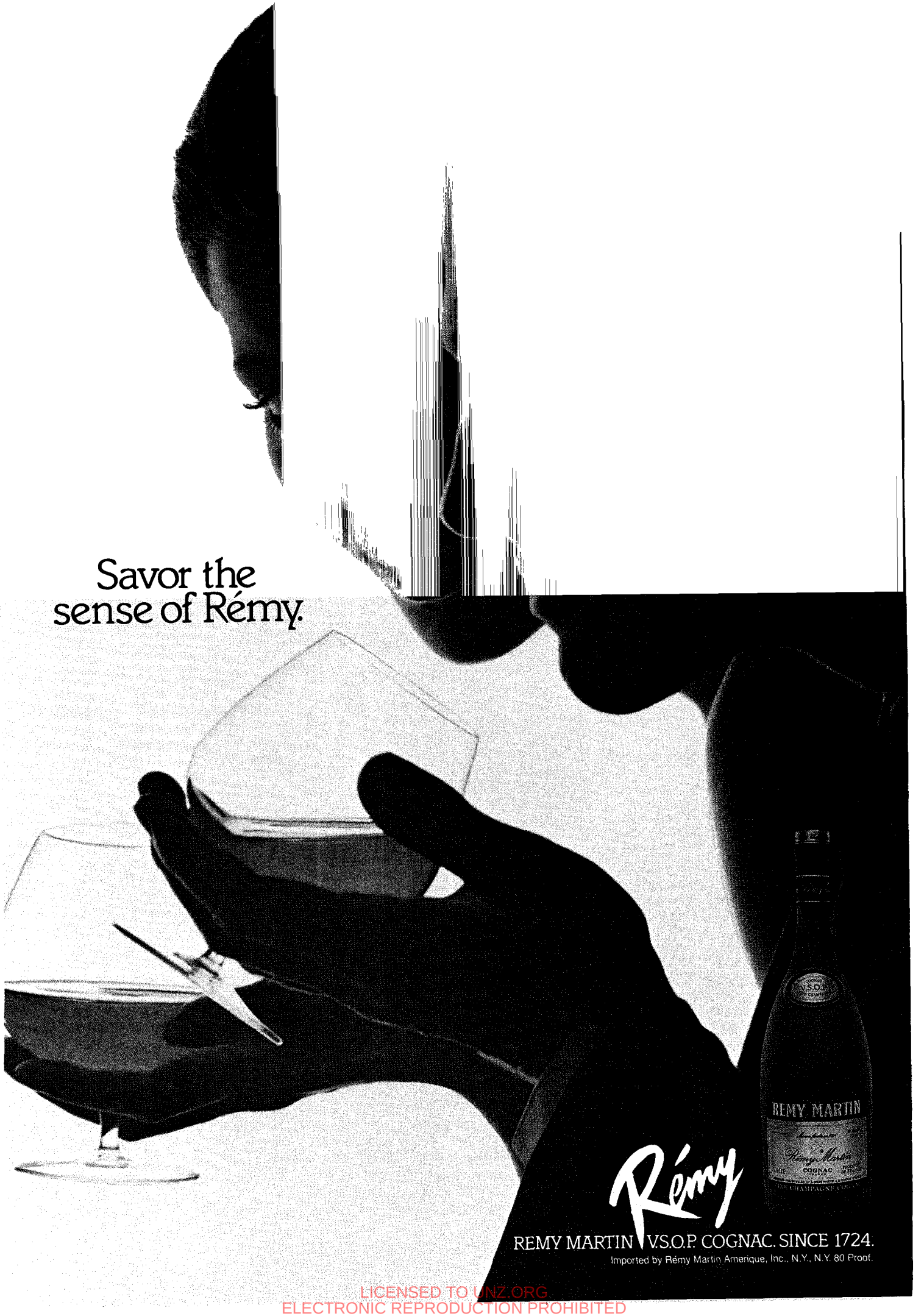
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Letters

Driven to His Death

An article from the *Long Island Catholic* provides an interesting footnote to James Hitchcock's article, "Will Pope John Paul Reorient a Church at Sea?" [Nov. 25]. If anything, Mr. Hitchcock understated the disarray of the Roman Catholic Church. This article is headlined: "Vatican Angers Some Dutch Catholics in Death of Bishop." According to it: "Some Dutch Catholics have reportedly reacted angrily to the news of the death of Bishop Theodore Zwartkruis, of Haarlem. The bishop suffered a cerebral hemorrhage soon after learning that the Holy See had named two reputedly conservative bishops [in his country]. . . . Aides said he became angry when he realized the appointments might mean a strong movement in a conservative direction . . . An unofficial association of priests and lay pastoral workers, in a statement urging everyone who believes in 'an open and progressive Church' to attend the funeral, asserted that Bishop Zwartkruis 'had proved by his death how deadly the Vatican policy is for many.' . . . These three appointments bring to six the number of new bishops, all alleged to be conservative, appointed to Holland sees since January 1982."

The article appears to have been written in all seriousness.

Kathleen N. Reed
Great Neck, N.Y.

Off Balance

Lloyd Billingsley refers to me and John Stott as contributing editors to *Sojourners* magazine ["First Church of Christ Socialist," Oct. 28].

I have resigned from this position as of 1983 for the very sorts of reasons cited in the article: an anti-American standpoint and an unhappy onesidedness.

It was good, however, to see in the latest issue of *Sojourners* a rebuke to the World Council of Churches for not condemning the Afghanistan atrocity. I was happy to see this attempt at balance.

Clark H. Pinnock
Professor of Theology
McMaster Divinity College
Hamilton, Ont.

P.S.: I am of course a subscriber to *NR*!

Without Defense

How soon Lawrence, Kansas, has forgotten ["ABC-TV II," Oct. 14]. In the autumn of 1863, Confederate troops, incited by Yankee depredations against their homesteads in Missouri and Arkansas, targeted Lawrence, Kansas, for a retaliatory raid. Led by self-appointed Colonel William Quantrill, a man with a price on his head for conducting guerrilla attacks behind Union lines, the five-hundred-man force descended on Kansas. They caught Lawrence unawares and, after shooting up the town and killing 150 or so Union troops and civilian men, burned it to the ground.

The Russians, should they care to eliminate with a missile that former hotbed of Union sentiment, would not be as selective as Quantrill and leave women and children untouched.

The price of defensive vigilance against a dangerous adversary may be high, but the neglect of it is fatal.

William E. Potter
Williamsburg, Va.

Mistaken Identity

I must protest against the perfidious insinuation directed against me in a letter published under the pseudonym T. Horvath ["Letters," Oct. 14].

Your anonymous letter writer has invented a heinous calumny: namely, the statement that "Father Majić himself urged them [the accused Croatians] to testify 'that they did not commit grave acts with which they were charged.'"

I categorically deny that I ever gave anybody such advice. In addition, I had no contact with the people who were tried in New York.

Mr. Brookhiser, in his article "Look Homeward, Terrorist" [Aug. 5], has exactly described the attempt to assassinate me because of my opposition to any terrorist methods. As editor-in-chief of the Croatian-American weekly *The Morning Star* (*Danica*), I have written and have published many articles against terrorism of any kind. This is generally known. Therefore, it would be quite illogical if I had contacted the accused and if I gave them such immoral advice as your Mr. Horvath insinuates.

I am amazed that your excellent magazine was used by an anonymous writer for an attack on my integrity as a person and as a priest.

The great majority of Croatians have nothing to do with terrorism; only a very insignificant minority are engaged in such immoral activities. All politically active Croatians are against the systematic genocide of Croatian (and Albanian) people in Communist Yugoslavia and fight with all *legal* means to achieve their goal of self-determination and freedom from Communist oppression.

Rev. Dr. Castimir (Timothy) Majić
Chicago, Ill.

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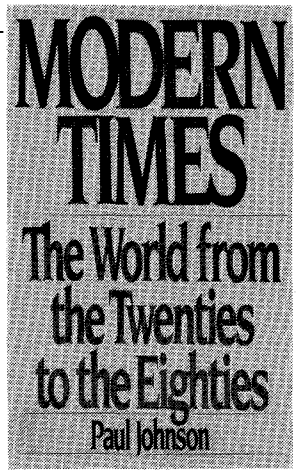

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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

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Vatican Facts

Some years ago Farley Clinton, a freelance Catholic journalist, wrote a ludicrous diatribe against the Jesuits in the now-defunct magazine *Triumph*. I was disappointed, then, but not greatly surprised, to read his equally ludicrous attack on the distinguished Jesuit Father Roberto Tucci, SJ, director of the Vatican Radio ["Who Was Minding the Store?" Sept. 2]. The thesis of Clinton's article is that while the Pope was in Poland, some Vatican officials tried to undermine his mission. Clinton's immediate target is Father Virgilio Levi, who was summarily fired as associate editor of the Vatican daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*, because of an editorial he wrote stating, in effect, that while in Poland the Pope told Lech Walesa that it was all over for Solidarity and advised Walesa to forget about it and to return to private life. In discussing the incident, Clinton makes it perfectly clear that he is after bigger fish than Levi, namely, Father Tucci and Cardinal Casaroli, the Vatican Secretary of State. He leaves the impression that Tucci and Casaroli knowingly collaborated with Levi in perpetrating "a most extraordinary propaganda victory for the Communists, . . . disorienting all the plans under way for the strengthening of Poland."

As one who has known Tucci for 25 years and has visited him frequently in Rome during that period, I was bemused by Clinton's hit-and-run allegation that Tucci's "opinions seem to be antithetical to the Pope's." This will undoubtedly come as a great surprise to the Pope, who, as Clinton failed to inform his readers, drafted Tucci a year or two ago to make all the arrangements for his frequent trips around the world, including his recent trip to Poland. Enough said of that, however, for Tucci, who has enjoyed the complete confidence of the last three popes, needs no defense from this quarter.

I happened to be in Rome when the Levi flap occurred. Aside from the fact that my interpretation of the Italian media's coverage of this highly publicized incident differs from Clinton's (typically, he is very conspiratorial), I can report, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that Tucci, who was with the Pope around the clock during his visit to Poland, disagreed with Levi's editorial and was completely at a loss to understand what prompted it. I say this on the basis of a lengthy conversation with Tucci in Rome two or three days after the Levi editorial hit the fan.

One final note. Having spent ten days in Rome trying unsuccessfully to unravel the Levi controversy, I marvel at Clinton's charmingly ingenuous claim to have figured the whole thing out. The fact is that Clinton doesn't know any more about the Levi incident than the next man. He merely pretends to know that Levi was reflecting the allegedly anti-John Paul II views of Cardinal Casaroli and/or Father Tucci. He offers no proof, no evidence, for this allegation.

Msgr. George G. Higgins
Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

A Response

It's nice to have responses in the letters column to pieces you've written, though words like "unacceptable error" do raise the hackles.

Jared Lobdell was disturbed [Aug. 5] that in my review of the videotape of the C. S. Lewis biographical film ["The Lewis Tapes," July 8] I said that the Rev. Walter Hooper knew Lewis as no one else could. For reasons given in the paragraph to which Mr. Lobdell objected, Fr. Hooper clearly did know Lewis, not better than, but in a *way* that his social friends, including Owen Barfield, could not have known him.

William Shand's complaint I can't understand. He's got me suggesting something I neither said nor implied. Certainly not all Episcopal clergy are agnostic and/or leftist. Some of my best friends wear their collars backward. I will say that after the recent World Council of Churches charade in Vancouver, there is some room for doubt about just where the majority of bishops do stand.

H. N. Kelley
Bannockburn, Ill.

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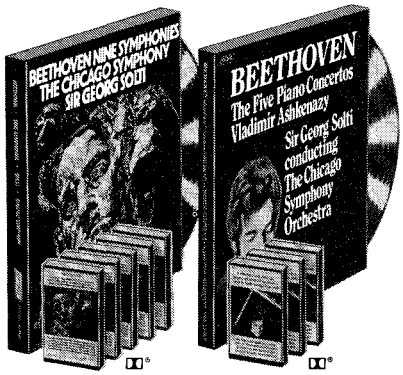
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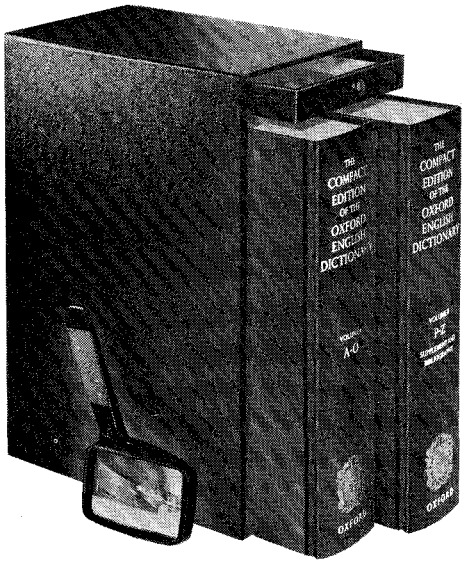

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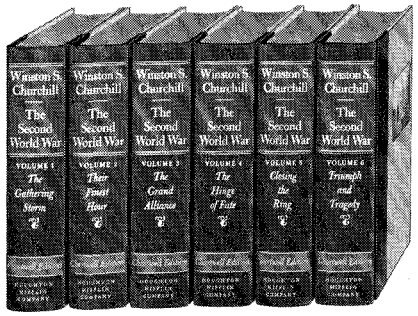

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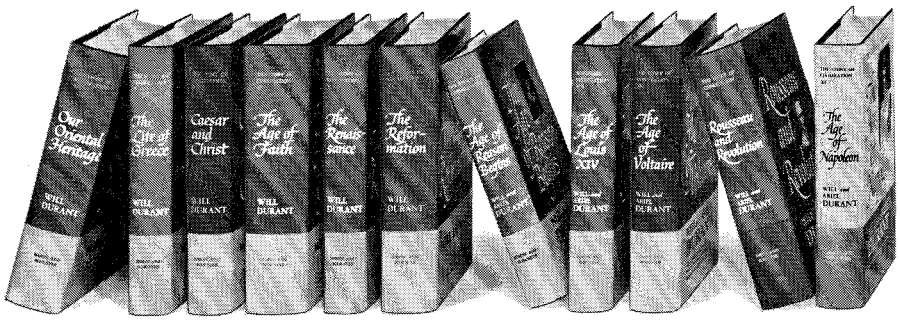

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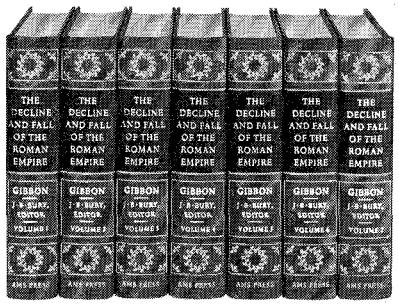

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Energy Uncertainties

What ever happened to the energy crisis?

Only a few years ago there seemed to be steadily worsening shortages of oil. Now the talk is of glut.

Are our national energy problems over? Or are we merely enjoying what is at best a temporary reprieve from energy upheavals?

The world is awash in oil, but it's wishful thinking to believe either that the glut is permanent or that our energy problems have faded away with the gas lines and odd-even gas-buying days.

The difference between surplus and scarcity is tenuous. It took a change of only two million barrels of oil a day to tip world oil from a seller's to a buyer's market in 1981. Supplies are stable now, but this stability is fragile. It could easily be upset by a swing in oil production or usage. Energy demand may grow as economic recovery gathers momentum. And political uncertainties cloud our energy future.

The International Energy Agency warns that the world may experience oil shortages later this decade. Domestically, the U.S. is producing 10% less oil today than we did in 1970, even though domestic prices have increased from $3 to about $30 a barrel. Since the beginning of 1982, the number of drilling rigs in operation in the U.S. has dropped by almost half.

Alternative energy sources have not been widely embraced. For instance, nuclear energy development is blocked by environmental concerns and ensnared in red tape. Coal-conversion projects have stalled throughout the industrial world. Solar energy still is in its infancy. The synfuels program seems to be at a standstill.

It's an illusion that energy prices are going down. Oil prices have softened, but only from their historic high of $34 a barrel. The prices today are still more than 15 times greater than they were at the time of the 1973 oil embargo. And they're holding in this range even though there's been a 40% decline in oil production since 1979. Whatever happens to oil, the prices of other energy sources, such as natural gas and electricity, are going up sharply.

In the area of energy conservation, however, there's good news. Strong gains have been made in energy savings. Total energy used in the U.S. last year was the same as in 1973, even though the gross national product has grown by about 17% in the past nine years.

Energy conservation should remain at the top of the nation's agenda. We should not allow ourselves to become complacent about energy. Nor should we forget the lessons of the past decade. To return to wasteful habits, or slacken our efforts in conservation, would only weaken America's economic future.

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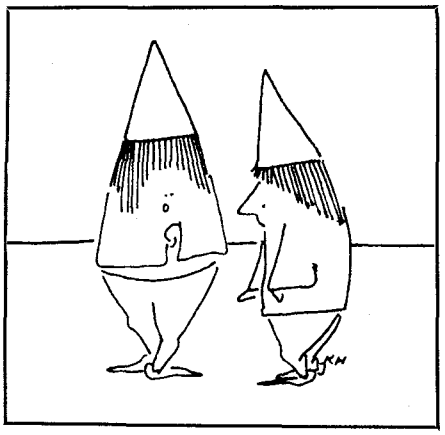
FOR THE RECORD

■ Now that the party's over, what happened? It seems that *The Day After* changed no one's mind. **Warner-Amex Qube** poll found 49 per cent "still supporting nuclear-arms control," 29 per cent "still supporting strength through nuclear-arms buildup." . . . Prof. **William C. Adams** of George Washington U. in Washington, D.C., who did polls just before and just after, says "our evidence is that *The Day After* failed to change existing views of the horror of nuclear war, the need for mutual arms control, and the strategy for deterrence." . . . But while not changing minds it stirred up leftist juices. Thirty organizations went to work with newspaper ads, TV spots, leaflet and picket operations. More than $350,000 was budgeted for a toll-free 800 phone number; freeze converts can call for info on what to do. . . . **Joanne Woodward** wants everyone to know that she's "taking on the nuclear issue because there is no other issue. . . . This is for survival. Not just for Democrats or Republicans." . . . Hubby **Paul Newman** is "offering a citizens' guide to what you can do to help prevent nuclear war" with help of Center for Defense Information, which is selling the sixty-second spots to ABC affiliates. . . . **Jane Fonda** and **Tom Hayden** are signing up with Council for a Livable World, along with ex-MIT President **Jerome Wiesner**. . . . On the Right, **Terry Dolan** of the National Conservative Political Action Committee says none of the estimated $2.5 million he plans to spend on TV political spots next year will go to ABC affiliates that ran *The Day After*. . . . For ABC it was a financial flop. It got $100,000 for each thirty-second commercial (the last episode of *M*A*S*H*—also with audience of a hundred million—got $400,000 a shot). ABC hopes to recoup with sales of film to 22 foreign countries, among them all of our Western European allies. But—what do you know?—**Eddie Kalish**, vice president for worldwide marketing for the film's distributors, reports very little Soviet interest in buying the film. . . . The rambunctiously conservative *New York Post* calls *The Day After* a "100 mega-yawn bomb."



"The ball was in their court. They took it—and went home."

■ No one but no one was happier about *The Day After* than Sen. **Alan Cranston**, whose campaign of recent months has been a mega-yawn of another sort. His latest ABC-*Washington Post* rating: 2 per cent. Cranston came out swinging the day after. **Reagan**, he said, "is a trigger-happy President [with a] simplistic and paranoid world view [who is leading the nation] toward a nuclear collision that could end us all." Cranston, who at one time had far-left field to himself in the Democratic sweeps, has been hurt by candidacies of **George McGovern** and **Jesse Jackson**. . . . Jackson is no mean blaster himself. In announcing his candidacy he congratulated Reagan for "making his position clear," which is, says Jackson, that Reagan is anti: a) blacks, b) Hispanics, c) civil rights, d) human rights, e) the poor, f) family farms, g) youth, h) public education, i) women, j) workers, and k) environment. . . . Looking ahead, Democratic pols worry about Jackson at the convention. If he brings a big enough block of delegates to it they will push for "black agenda," a host of big-spending programs Dems don't particularly want to espouse over national TV. . . . **Fritz Mondale** came out ahead of **John Glenn**, by most reports, in their meeting with the hard-nosed Coalition for a Democratic Majority, both making pro-defense-spending statements. But **George Will** concludes that Mondale's pitch was "the Democratic Left's standard 'strong defense' position: A United States strong enough to defend Israel; endorsement of various weapons that cannot be voted down because they are already in the inventory (Trident, cruise); endorsement of several weapons (Stealth, Midgetman) that are distant; opposition to various weapons (B-1, MX) that are currently at issue."

■ Central American highlights: **Ruben Zamora**, of the Salvadoran guerrilla alliance, is suddenly leaving Managua and will probably set up new headquarters in Mexico. Question: Was he kicked out? . . . In Honduras, a ninety-man band of Cuban-trained rebels that infiltrated the country three months ago has been wiped out. Also its leader, **José Antonio Reyes Mata**, a longtime Marxist who was with **Che Guevara** on his Bolivian invasion in the Sixties. . . . In Miami, **Huber Matos**, a former Fidelista who spent twenty years in **Castro** jails until his release in 1979, is crowing over Grenada invasion as blow "to Soviet neocolonialism [and] total defeat and humiliation of Castro."

■ There are to be no more top-banana jokes in Zimbabwe under a law that forbids making any statement that could cause "hatred, contempt, or ridicule" of the head of state. The president of Zimbabwe is the Hon. Canaan Banana.

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THE WEEK

■ We don't have to choose between disarmament and nuclear war. We can have both.

■ The Democratic Party is indulging in its biennial fit of the vapors, holding itself out as all things to all people while financing its pub-crawl with $2,000-a-plate dinners served to the needy—read: Lee Prussia of the Bank of America, Lee Iacocca of Chrysler, Charlie Brown of AT&T, John Welch of GE, Roger Smith of GM. The big con is that if the Dems win the Senate in '84 they plan to wrap their fingers around the jugular veins of American business, which, if it still has a wisp of survival instinct, had better go along, at $2,000 for a plate of three-star Michelin baksheesh. *Plus ça change.* In the *plus ça pue* department, who's going to head the ticket? One finds the smart money on one or another of the three royal princes: Ted Kennedy, the *éminence grasse*; John Glenn, *grand voyageur aérien*; Walter Mondale, *Grand Seigneur de Sauve-qui-peut.* Now the weird thing is that while the savvy side of the party is going hot for fiscal sanity and economic incentives, the Royal Line is running backward—to the Henry Wallace springheads, where some of one's best friends are Commies, and the Federal Government should operate the universe and make the trains run on time.

■ Among its last-minute handiwork, Congress passed some fifty "minor" bills in less than thirty minutes, a rate of due deliberation approaching two bills per minute; approved a $100-billion increase in the debt "ceiling," which supposedly will ease the government's cash-flow pinch for the next five months; and finally did something about the dairy problem, namely, in addition to paying dairy farmers too much to produce milk, the government will now pay dairy farmers not to produce milk, with the result that dairy farmers can milk taxpayers no matter what they do.

■ Daniel Patrick Moynihan and George Gilder were called racists for mentioning the weakness of the black family, but now that the illegitimacy rate among blacks has hit 55 per cent, the *New York Times* has decided it's time to lift the taboo. (The divorce rate is also tragically high.) The *Times* has run a series on the problem, openly entertaining the hypothesis that the welfare system has aggravated the problem. What's more, many of those who still think the welfare system is a good thing are clearly labeled "liberals." The *Times* even quotes an expert who blames "relaxed sexual mores" for many of the evils afflicting the black family nowadays. Now that the new taboos are falling, maybe we can start restoring some of the old ones, which had the advantage of holding society together and preventing, rather than causing and winking at, promiscuity.

■ Dan Rather has complained to the *New York Times* about "criticism" and "pressure" from the White House. Well, criticism is one thing . . . but pressure! What kind? Threats of censorship? License revocation? Arrest? No, it seems the White House frequently calls CBS News to give its side of the story just before air time, or to complain afterward. Such is the martyrdom of Dan Rather, who finds the Reagan people "more dangerous" than (gulp!) the Nixon gang itself! Our sympathies, Dan. But let's face it: The news business is far more insulated from the public than other businesses, and you didn't even mention another kind of pressure—the internal peer pressure of an industry that is as ideologically packed with liberals as it is geographically concentrated in New York and Washington. If only you could be as sassy to the *Times* as you are to Nixon and Reagan.

■ All other leftist nostrums having been tried and failed, our "neoliberal" friends are fascinated by an idea so marginal that it has hardly been tried at all: worker ownership of industry. To hear them tell it, worker-run enterprises are so efficient, pleasant, and humane that they hardly need the tax advantages currently ladled out to them. Unfortunately for this view, one of the biggest worker-run companies in the country, Rath Packing of Waterloo, Iowa, has just filed for bankruptcy. The company suffered from pervasive labor discontent (thus proving itself unable to overcome the gripes of Rath) and high wage costs. If Rath still had outside owners to absorb the financial shock, its employees would be in jeopardy only of losing their jobs; but since they were prevailed upon to shoulder the capital risk instead of farming it out, they are also in jeopardy of losing their savings. The moral, we suppose, is that if outside owners did not exist, workers would have good reason to invent them.

■ Representative Ronald Dellums has, it transpires, been doing his best to represent the Marxist dictatorship of Maurice Bishop. Although a congressional inspection trip to Grenada brought around many of those who had originally expressed doubts that it was becoming a Communist outpost, Dellums was unimpressed. Along come columnists Evans and Novak, and suddenly we understand more about Dellums's intransigence. Grenadian government documents seized by U.S. forces reveal that Dellums was in very close personal touch with Bishop. Dellums was in charge, at one point, of a congressional investigation into the question of whether the big new airfield in Grenada was being built as an auxiliary field for a Soviet military base. Dellums reached the obliging conclusion that it was not. But just

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RECALLS: WHY THEY OCCUR. HOW TO ANSWER ONE ON YOUR CAR.

When General Motors orders a recall, we believe we are providing an important service to our customers and showing again how GM stands behind its products.

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You can't repeal the law of probability. Somewhere a machine tool may wear unexpectedly fast, or a material may have an invisible contamination.

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Then the law of probability comes into play, especially since we produce millions more vehicles for North America than any other manufacturer. Although all car and truck manufacturers—both foreign and domestic—have recalls, we're a little more noticeable because of our numbers.

If you receive a recall notice on your car, you may feel like taking a gamble and ignoring it. Please don't. Answer it promptly. Follow the instructions in the letter. Recalls are initiated to protect your safety or to keep your car in good running order.

We publicize recalls so car owners will be aware of them. By federal regulation, General Motors has to notify owners by letter and report to the government on the progress of a recall for 18 months. **We go beyond the federal requirements. GM dealers send follow-up letters to owners if no response is received the first time.** In addition, GM dealers can use our CRIS (Computerized Recall Identification System) to tell you instantly of any recall work necessary on a vehicle recalled during the last 7 years. This is important to know when buying a used car. Ask any GM dealer for this information.

If you hear on television or radio of a recall which you think applies to your car, please follow these steps for your convenience.

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—Then call your dealer and give him the recall campaign number supplied in the letter. He will arrange an appointment to have the repairs made. This could save you time and could help the dealer to schedule his busy service department.

If you have read or heard in the media about a recall campaign, but don't receive a letter within a month, ask your dealer to check the dealer bulletin or CRIS to see if your vehicle is affected. Give the dealer your vehicle identification number, which you'll find on your car's title, registration or warranty folder. It can also be found on the instrument panel just inside the windshield on the driver's side.

There are cases in which the auto manufacturers and the government differ over the seriousness of a problem. And these instances sometimes receive a great deal of publicity. But such situations are the exception.

Almost all of our recalls are voluntarily started by General Motors before the government is involved.

If your car needs to be recalled for any reason, please don't ignore the notice. Taking care of those problems in your car is good for you and good for us.

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to make sure that he would express himself persuasively to his fellow congressmen, his administrative assistant, Barbara Lee, sent a draft of the proposed Dellums report to Bishop asking whether any changes in it were "deemed necessary." It is difficult to imagine being more obliging to a dictator than by asking him to dictate the report on that same dictator that you plan to submit to your fellow congressmen as the result of independent research. Another memo reveals that Dellums and fellow Black Caucus Representative John Conyers (who has proposed impeaching President Reagan for rescuing Grenada and, presumably, exposing what Dellums and Conyers were up to) were personally selected by Bishop to serve as advance men for Bishop's visit to Washington. The stated purpose of the visit, according to Randall Robinson, executive director of something called TransAfrica, a black American political group, was to demonstrate that "Maurice Bishop is our man, a black man. You mess with him, you mess with all black Americans." Dellums should resign his office, but won't. Or he should be kicked out for gross impropriety, but won't be. He, Conyers, and other members of the Black Caucus do not wish to be distracted from the effort to impeach Ronald Reagan.

■ The Greyhound bus company got into difficulties because of deregulation and because of increasing competition from other forms of transportation. The company's solution: cutting costs, by, among other means, negotiated wage reductions. The Amalgamated Transit Workers responded with a strike. When the company's deadline passed, however, the buses began to roll once more. Indeed, some fifty thousand people have applied for the jobs of the 12,500 strikers. The present phase of labor-management history commenced with the dismissal of the striking air controllers and the government's successful effort to maintain services. Other unions, particularly in the troubled auto industry, have been willing to go along with reduced wages and benefits in order to keep a company competitive. In the case of Greyhound, the marketplace appears to be functioning to the disadvantage of the union. The process will be painful for intransigent workers, but pleasant for their replacements, and it is generally cause for celebration when the marketplace does its work.

■ Using the same gun that was used to assassinate CIA station chief Richard Welch eight years ago in Athens, Greek terrorists assassinated another American in Athens, U.S. Navy Captain George Tsantes, on his way to work on November 15. A group calling itself the November 17 Organization—named for a 1973 student uprising against the then-ruling military junta—has claimed responsibility for killing both Welch and Tsantes. Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou telephoned the U.S. ambassador to express his "deep grief" over the killing and promised all "necessary steps" to find the killers. Meanwhile, life goes on in democracy's motherland. Two days after the assassination—on November 17, the tenth anniversary of the student uprising—a Greek chorus numbering more than 200,000 marched past the U.S. Embassy in Athens chanting such ditties as: "The people don't want you—take your embassy and go." Dominating the march were members of Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Movement, but other political parties were well represented, including the Greek Communist Party. Perhaps the most conspicuous demonstrator of them all was Margaret Papandreou, wife of the prime minister. It is probably safe to say that among Mrs. Papandreou's fellow marchers were the killers of Richard Welch and George Tsantes.

■ In a document entitled *Win the Peace*, the French Catholic bishops have endorsed nuclear deterrence. They call attention to the "aggressive and dominating character of Marxist-Leninist ideology." They observe that the Western democracies have come under unrelenting pressure to move toward neutralism, and that the Communists consider that "everything, even the aspiration of people for peace, must be used for the conquest of the world." Monsignor Jacques Jullien, Bishop of Beauvais, who helped write the statement, explained its position this way: "The choice is between nonwar and slavery—the Gulag or Finlandization—and we are picking something better than nothing, the nuclear situation." The French bishops' statement is especially welcome to those of us who had begun to believe that one of the hallmarks of contemporary episcopal office was irreversible brain damage.

■ THE QUOTABLE SPEAKER O'NEILL: "Mr. O'Neill, Speaker of the House of Representatives, said that it was sinful that a man who was totally uninformed and ignorant about international problems, and who doesn't even read the documents, was President of the United States. If we consider that the United States has powerful, sophisticated means of conventional and nuclear warfare and that the President of that country can declare war without consulting anyone, it is not only sinful but truly dramatic and tragic for all mankind."

—Fidel Castro, in a funeral oration for Cubans who died in Grenada

Still Ninety Miles Away

That Soviet attack sub which
The Russians almost had to ditch
  Last week
Was towed to Castro's U-boat pen
As all Red submarines are when
  They leak.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Washington reaction to *The Day After* was basically *Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.* Speculation here has it that everyone is so surprisingly muted because the film was so uninstructive, so unserious. Dramatizations of a nuclear holocaust have been seen before in other films (except, perhaps, the extended irradiation sequence), so these segments taught us nothing new. And the implicit statement of the film—unilaterally disarm or face nuclear holocaust—was simpleminded. Even the most liberal of liberals here, i.e., the journalists, concede this. They also concede that the film was a stacked deck, as William Buckley pointed out in the post-screening ABC boule. You had to listen closely, but the pacifist story line was all stitched in: The emplacement of the cruises and Pershings triggered a conventional-weapons action by the Soviets in Germany, which triggered a tactical nuclear strike by NATO, which triggered an ICBM launch by the U.S. against the USSR, either on warning or as a first strike. So the Pershings and cruises were the culprits: They did not deter the Soviets, they provoked them. From there on the escalation was automatic and straight-to-Armageddon.

No one here swallows that line. "Deterrence may not be peace but it has done OK for forty years," says one Democratic senator with leftish colorations. "The only reason the Soviets won't strike us is because they know we'll strike back, and harder. That's the long and the short of it," he says.

Henry Kissinger gets the Most Telling Remark award, say Capitol worthies, for having exclaimed (at the Ted Koppel review), What are we supposed to do? Make public policy by scaring ourselves to death? But Kissinger pontificated at that session, as did Robert McNamara, and cynics here correctly noted that these gentlemen had served in the highest reaches of the U.S. Government for a total of almost twenty years. Why couldn't they come up with some solutions? Why the orgy of exhortation now? Why didn't they explain to the people the role of nuclear deterrence in our national-defense policy? These are the questions one hears around town, plus the assertion that this Administration, and past ones, are to blame for failing to explain our deterrence strategy, thus creating a vacuum into which "ABC lunged with commercial glee," as one Washington type puts it.

Political consequences? *The Day After* is a "high-intensity event with an ultrashort political life and probably zero impact on '84." That's what psephologists here believe, adding that if the film has any life left in it at all come next November, it will probably help Ronald Reagan. "When people think the world around them is dangerous," says one high-ranking woman Reagan appointee, "they want a strong leader, who stands for security and defense, not a Walter Mondale, not a wimp."

■ The real focus of attention in the capital during this congressional lull is Yuri Andropov and his imminent demise. Practically everyone here takes for granted that Andropov is finished physically (heart and kidney afflictions) as well as politically, and it is hard to say which death will arrive first. "Just the myth of Andropov remains," says one foreign-policy advisor to the White House, "and the wishful thinking of the military men who are trying to sustain him."

Politically, Andropov is through because he has failed, and his record of failure is total. He failed to: prevent deployment of the Pershings and cruises, achieve an understanding with China, come to terms with Japan, relieve Soviet economic decay, reform the malingering, self-indulgent Russian bureaucracy, control Syria's Hafez al-Assad (who unnerves the USSR because he has implicated the Soviets directly in the fighting, with the consequent besmirching of Soviet prestige in the Middle East, since the Russians certainly won't go to war with the U.S. over either Lebanon or Syria). Andropov also ails politically because of the exposure of the abortive KGB-inspired attempt to assassinate the Pope, the mishandling of the aftermath of KAL 007 (chiefly by Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, acting on Andropov's orders), and the Grenada humiliation.

Kremlin watchers here feel that the imminent change in Soviet leadership will be more crucial than the Andropov accession, now seen as an interim move. Some foresee a wave of terror in the Soviet Union, not dissimilar to the Stalin purges, and extending into Eastern Europe as well. This horrid prospect and a disruption of oil supplies from the Persian Gulf are two possible zones of crisis for Ronald Reagan during the coming presidential election year. —CATO

■ Until the liberal community, in mighty chorus, equated Grenada and Afghanistan, we simply had *no* idea how deeply they felt about Afghanistan.

■ *We* aren't going to believe Yuri Andropov is dead until the Soviets deny it.

■ For those of you who missed the main point, none of the horrifying devastation depicted in *The Day After* came about as the result of nuclear weapons manufactured by the United States.

■ The British journalist Jan Morris, née James Morris, constitutes what one can only call a one-man gender gap. He became "Jan" through elective surgery a few years ago, and that's not the only change: He used to be an eloquently pro-American journalist. And now look: He's writing on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page that "I can no longer stomach America's insidious meddlings across the face of the world. . . . I find myself more and more repelled by the apparently insatiable American urge to interfere in other people's business. . . . There is hardly a corner of the earth where American officialdom is not poking its nose and implanting its power. . . . Nowadays I hardly believe a word official America says. . . . The Soviets are less likely to trigger World War III than you are yourselves." Nag, nag, nag.

■ So Congress went home and the nation celebrated Thanksgiving.

■ *General Pandemonium* (3:00, Ch. 6). Yuri, though already dead, faces a dramatic kidney transplant to cure his eighty-day cold. Yasser hurriedly leaves town after Ginny is acquitted of murdering Moses with a tire iron,

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and Luke's gambling parlor is threatened. Maggie divorces the prime minister, but Coretta rejects Jesse, and Leonid's natural son, enraged, shoots Yuri in the arm. Laura returns and the Queen is simply *furious.*

■ We don't mind so much when ABC shows most of the population being vaporized. But did they *have* to make all the survivors look like Alan Cranston?

Some of the Right Stuff

Very late in this long-drawn-out race, Senator John Glenn has moved to define his candidacy as substantially to the right of Walter Mondale's. In consecutive speeches he has now attacked Mondale as an out-of-sight big spender and as weak on national defense, and, speaking before the Coalition for a Democratic Majority—Henry Jackson-style Democrats—he went after Mondale for his opposition to the B-1 bomber, a new Nimitz-class carrier, the cruise missile, the Trident submarine, and other programs.

And yet it is, in fact, very late. Only a couple of months before the first delegates are chosen in Iowa and New Hampshire, Glenn's staff operation remains a mess. He has evidently decided to go for a media-oriented campaign rather than put resources into the kind of grass-roots organization that could pay off in the early primaries. The movie *The Right Stuff* has been a disappointment at the box office and has had no discernible effect on Glenn's performance in the polls. Indeed, many feel that the movie presents Glenn as an overgrown Eagle Scout.

What Glenn has now done is give middle-of-the-road Democrats a substantive reason to vote for him. He has also pointed the way back to political health for a party still suffering from a case of McGovernite bends. The closer you get to the professional political community, however, the more inevitable Mondale's nomination seems, at least at this point.

It is worth noting that, despite his strong stand on defense, Glenn did not walk away with the endorsement of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. These hawkish Democrats seemed more impressed, on the whole, by Mondale's big-labor support, strong stand on Israel, and filiation to Hubert Humphrey. Mondale has already received the endorsement of the AFL-CIO and the National Education Association (for the latter he was the highest bidder, promising an $11-billion federal subsidy). He has more money for his campaign than all the other Democratic candidates combined, and he now has the manpower of big labor and the NEA as well. He has been doing well so far in the straw polls that line the way to the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary, which actually choose some delegates. New Hampshire is beginning to look like Glenn's Last Chance, and his hope is that he can talk over the heads of the Mondale coalition's leaders to their constituencies.

The timing of the sequence of Democratic primaries under the party's new rules heavily favors Mondale, with his superiority in funds and organization. About half the delegates to San Francisco will be chosen during the first 36 days of the primary season, which is currently scheduled to begin in Iowa on February 27, with New Hampshire following on March 6. On Tuesday, March 13, "Super Tuesday," there will be 11 primaries and caucuses, which will choose 515 delegates. Little opportunity will exist for a candidate to build his strength gradually, and it could be all over very early. It begins to look as if only Glenn upsets in Iowa and New Hampshire could produce a protracted fight for delegates.

Some have found Mondale *v.* Glenn reminiscent of Taft *v.* Eisenhower in 1952, and there are indeed certain similarities. Taft, like Mondale, was the "regular" party man, and his candidacy had an aura of legitimate succession. Like Mondale, he had much of the party organization behind him, and, like Mondale, he had a colorless public personality.

Like Eisenhower, John Glenn is a hero and a celebrity, and, again like Eisenhower, he communicates a sense of the solid virtues and verities. After that, however, the comparison ruptures. Eisenhower was a figure of global standing in 1952, and of proven executive abilities. In addition, he inherited a superb professional political organization, which had been put together by Thomas E. Dewey and the Eastern Republican establishment. Organization has been Glenn's glaring deficiency from the beginning of this campaign, a fact that does not augur well for a Glenn Administration should he somehow win.

But what about a Mondale Presidency?

Despite his Gopher Prairie image and Main Street rectitude, Mondale has run a surprisingly left-wing campaign thus far, and his positions have been so forcefully stated that it will be difficult for him to back away from them if he gets the nomination.

Mondale advocates a bilateral and verifiable nuclear freeze. Even though the two adjectives provide him with escape hatches, he has thus aligned himself with a disarmament movement of very doubtful political appeal. He wants to cut the defense budget by $10 billion, which will almost cover his payoff (see above) to the NEA. In order to manage other payoffs to his welfare/bureaucratic constituency, he wants to repeal the third-year tax cut legislated under Kemp-Roth. Since Social Security and other tax increases have largely canceled out the relief of the first two tax cuts, Mondale's position here looks like political poison. Mondale has come out for the ERA, abortion, gay rights, quotas, busing, and—well, you name it.

Under Glenn's recent attacks, Mondale has shown some signs of movement toward the center, but the whole operation is a dicey one. Mondale has surged to

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the left to gain the nomination, and if he succeeds in that, he will somehow have to move toward the center to fight the general election. Meanwhile, as Glenn attacks Mondale on spending and defense, and cites the record, he may be crippling Mondale for the general election.

Cruise Missiles in Britain

Reason somehow managed to prevail. The deployment of U.S. cruise missiles in Great Britain has begun. One day ahead of schedule and six days before *The Day After*, a U.S. C-141 Starlifter flew the first Tomahawk cruise missile into Greenham Common airbase near London. It will be a few weeks yet before the first missile is operational, but for all practical purposes the long-awaited deployment is now under way. Against considerable political odds, the Western Alliance has succeeded in doing what it said it would do four years ago: respond in kind to Moscow's insistence on aiming ever-larger numbers of SS-20 missiles at Western Europe. The blackmailer's bluff has been called.

It is a telling comment on the Western condition that our media gave such widespread publicity to the arrival of the first cruise missile in Britain after six years of downplaying the steady build-up of SS-20s in the western borderlands of the USSR. Since 1977, Moscow has deployed roughly one SS-20 per week, each carrying three warheads aimed at those same cities where peace marchers march, blissfully indifferent to them. But let the United States deploy a single missile in defense of the West, and presto—the camera crews and protestors emerge.

This same double standard—the quintessence of the psychology of appeasement—has completely taken over the Social Democratic Party (SPD) in West Germany, which on the day before *The Day After* voted overwhelmingly (383 to 14) against the stationing of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe. With this vote, the SPD joins Britain's Labour Party in the political wilderness. Only pedants will recall that it was the SPD that originated the idea of a counter-deployment to the SS-20s (a point on which even then-Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who sought to stem the neutralist tide, now demurs).

If there is any lesson to be learned from the whole Euromissile dispute of the past four years, it is that NATO must never again announce that it is going to get tough a good while hence. That is akin to warning a bully that his nose will be bloodied if he doesn't quit beating you up—and then waiting four years to deliver the punch. Said bully may eventually be deterred, but only after substantial injury to one's own body politic.

In the past fortnight the Soviet Union has aired at least one new proposal in Geneva, in a last-ditch effort to persuade NATO to postpone the deployment. Even if the first cruise missiles all go into Greenham Common on schedule, it will be nine months before additional missiles are deployed, and Bonn and Rome are already pressing Washington to publicize this "pause" as a fresh opening for the pursuit of an agreement. The Kremlin will doubtless oblige with additional "concessions." In short, the struggle is not over. The women of Greenham Common and their sympathizers everywhere still have ample opportunity to prove the truth of the one profound maxim uttered on *The Day After*: "Stupidity somehow always manages to get its way."

House of Ill Repute

It is fun, but cruel, to remind Democrats that the voters should logically judge their party by the behavior of the U.S. House of Representatives, which is, after all, the only branch of the Federal Government that the Democrats officially control. By the time Congress adjourned in mid-November, the antics of Tip O'Neill and his colleagues had become so embarrassing that, even to many liberals, the prospect of extending Republican control of the Senate was not looking so bad.

To begin with, it was the House that passed the "local content" bill, even as its members were admitting in private, by the dozens, that the bill was a complete turkey but that the pressure of the United Auto Workers was just too great. On immigration, meanwhile, it was the House that decided to duck the whole issue for another year, not from any principled fear of regulation, but in a bid for Hispanic votes. The same constituency politics led Tip to introduce the ERA under a gag rule, offending plenty of moderate supporters and leading to widespread charges, after the amendment failed, that Tip's real goal had been to trump up a campaign issue rather than to pass the thing.

On spending, the Republican Senate distinguished itself this year by saying no to its leader, Howard Baker, on the Clinch River project. The House, however, still can't say no to the spending propositions of *its* leaders. It went along with Fernand St. Germain's bizarre scheme to tie the International Monetary Fund bailout to a massive expansion of public housing—the only kind of prisons it's still okay to build. In the case of the egregious milk bill, the House's irresponsibility was more flagrant than the Senate's, because while every senator represents some dairy farmers, there were

An Acquired Taste

Though Libya holds a third of Chad,
While Moscow rapes Afghanistan,
What makes Fritz Mondale fighting mad
Is how Grenada has been had—
But that's why Bella's such a fan.

W. H. von Dreele

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plenty of urban Democrats in the House who had no such excuse for voting the dairymen's line.

Special mention should be given to the doings of the House Commerce Committee, which has been trying to block the deregulation of everything from natural gas to telephones. One of the ironies here is that the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* have encouraged the Reagan Administration's deregulatory efforts in these areas, and have strongly criticized such protectionist measures as the local-content bill. We're all for emancipation from the editorial lines of the *Post* and the *Times*, but wouldn't you know we'd get it on the only issues they're right about?

Swords in Lebanon

Lebanon continues to dish it up by the stomachful. If it is not one act of violence, it is another—and always in retaliation. October saw (one hopes) the apogee of the terrorists, who wreaked destruction on French, American, and Israeli camps in Lebanon. November witnessed a perigee of a kind, with the two most prominent terrorist camps in Lebanon themselves coming under attack. French and Israeli war planes undertook separate attacks upon pro-Iranian Shiite militia encampments east of Baalbek in answer to the October bombings. In Libya, meanwhile, Syrian-supported Palestinians attacked the Baddawi refugee camp outside Tripoli, virtually the last stronghold of PLO forces loyal to Yasser Arafat. Arafat himself retreated into the city, declared himself to be "The Sword of Tripoli," and prepared for a last stand.

Arafat's previous "last stand" was in Beirut in the summer of 1982, and on that occasion he retreated under the Israeli gun. There is a limit, of course, to how many last stands one man can make without appearing ridiculous. Odds are that this is really Arafat's last.

The PLO will not die with Arafat, however, for Syria and other Arab states need the PLO in order to maintain the myth of the unity of the Arab nation, of which the Palestinian cause is the only readily available glue. The post-Arafat PLO will be an organization thoroughly dominated by Syria, whose bid for ascendancy in the Arab world will thereby be strengthened. A Syrian-dominated PLO will also ultimately serve the interests of the Soviet Union, but it is significant that Moscow has thrice warned Damascus not to press the offensive against Arafat. The USSR recognizes Arafat's PLO as a sovereign nation, complete with an embassy in Moscow, and it would be profoundly embarrassing if a second Soviet client were to fall to superior arms in hardly a month's time. The irony in the case of Arafat, of course, is that the swords raised against him are Soviet-supplied—Grenada, at least, fell to American arms.

As for the French action in the Bekaa valley, it demonstrates that Mitterrand is maturing (cf. Michael Dobbs in the *Washington Post*, Nov. 21). The French president seems to have realized that in a world of drawn swords, a cold-blooded Realpolitik is sometimes the only kind of politics that makes sense.

The Left and the Press

To hear the *Columbia Journalism Review* tell it, you would think that the big threat to freedom of the press came from the Right. But in fact, from *La Prensa* in Nicaragua to the writers' union in Poland, most of those who struggle for freedom of the press are now struggling against the Left—and not just in Communist regimes, but in Western democracies as well.

The Socialists in France have just unveiled a law that would forbid anyone to own more than three national publications dealing with politics, only one of which could be a daily newspaper. The law would also sharply limit ownership of regional newspapers and, most ominous of all, would forbid the owners of newspapers to interfere with the "independence" of the (often unionized) people they hire to run them. The measure is aimed at the Hersant chain of newspapers, which includes the prominent *Le Figaro* and which has generally supported the (comparatively) conservative opposition. Last year, the Socialists indicted the publisher of *Le Figaro* under an obscure 1944 press law prohibiting anyone from running a newspaper who does not own a majority of the stock. (Communist printers had marched in Paris, shouting "Hersant must give in," and had occupied the office of the minister of justice to press their demand for the indictment.)

Meanwhile, in Canada, the Liberal government of Pierre Trudeau is pushing a similar though somewhat less extreme press law, which, among other things, would set up government committees to monitor press performance. A commission Trudeau appointed to study the issue said that it might be desirable, but would be politically impractical, to set up a government-owned newspaper. Canadian journalist Margaret Laws, writing in *Regulation* ("UNESCO of the North: The Coming of Press Regulation in Canada"), says, "Perhaps it was inevitable that the statist principles that have been applied to every other type of market and industry would eventually be applied to the business of newspapers and, even more important, to the market of ideas itself. In Canada and indeed everywhere, nothing is any longer 'off limits' to the regulatory imagination."

Mischievous Yale

The evidence in the case of *The Yale Literary Magazine* v. *Yale University* has been heard. It is an embarrassment for Yale.

The controversy began in 1978, when the expiring 142-year-old publication was bought by three Yalies for

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one dollar. Andrei Navrozov (class of '78), one of the buyers, stayed with the venture. The new *Lit* underwent a sweeping facelift—four-color graphics, heavy paper, ads. The contents changed too, to include poems and essays by such literati as Philip Larkin and E. M. Cioran; also political pieces by conservatives like George Gilder, John Chamberlain, and Andrei's father, Lev Navrozov.

That was the problem. Tales of the strange opinions now appearing in the *Lit* reached the Yale administration. Archibald MacLeish, the poet laureate of the old liberal establishment, wrote Yale's president, A. Bartlett Giamatti, a letter of complaint. Yale professors put in their two cents. In 1980, the owners of the *Lit* agreed with Yale to abide by its regulations concerning undergraduate groups, which regulations hampered the owners not at all. But then, in 1982, the regulations were changed—so as to put the *Lit* beyond the pale. Yale sued to get its name out of the magazine's title.

Yale claims the issue is purely one of undergraduate control. "I'd be just as outraged," says Professor John Hollander, a leader of the pack, "if the magazine were left-wing." Well, if you believe that, you haven't been near an American university in thirty years.

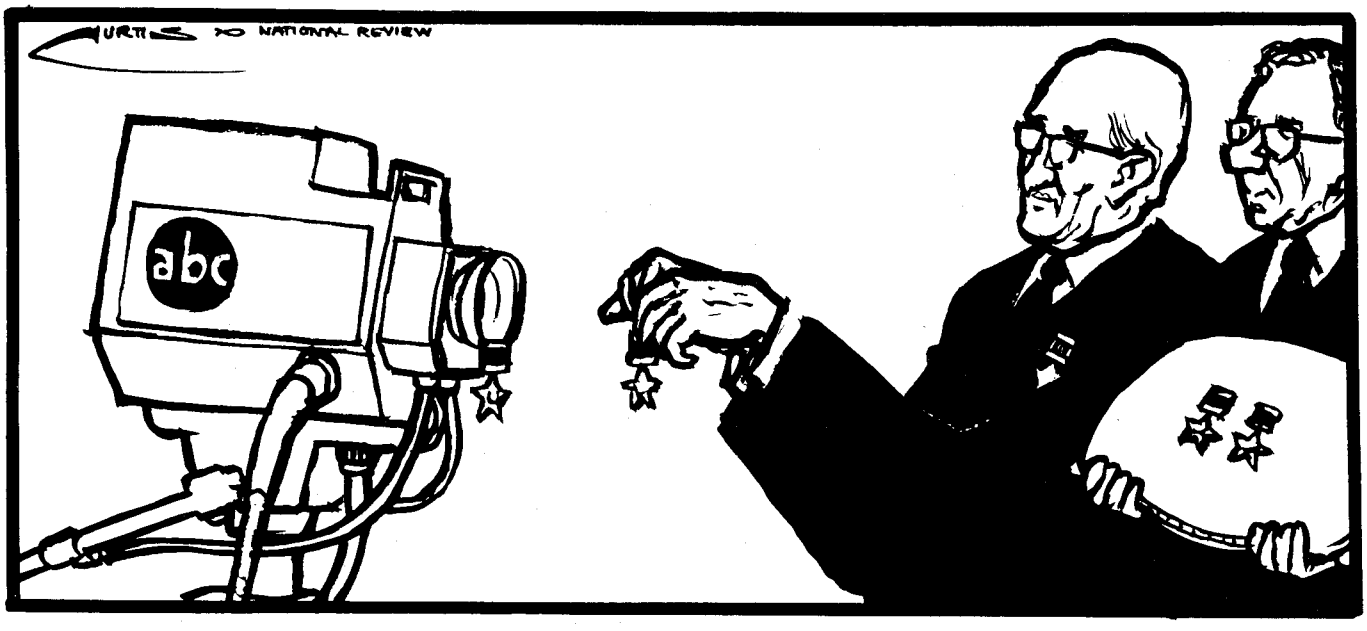
In the course of the current legal process, some documents have come to light that are terribly embarrassing to Yale. There is a memo from Yale Dean Charles Long saying that "In 1978, with the approval of the Secretary of the University and the General Counsel's Office, the *Yale Banner* did sell the copyright to a group of students and alumni." A memo from Yale Dean Howard R. Lamar states that Yale's objective in this harassment and litigation has been to "find ways to return control of the *Lit* to a proper Yale constituency." Both contradict statements by President Giamatti. On no estimate is this a fight that Yale, with all of its resources, can really win. The extraordinary thing is that the Yale administration has decided to incur very heavy legal fees and ultimate defeat for no reasonable goal whatsoever.

This is not the first time the Giamatti administration at Yale has waded into hot water. Giamatti's predecessor, Kingman Brewster, was a thoroughbred liberal. He was also, however, a creature of circumstance. The trial of Bobby Seale just happened to take place in New Haven. The Vietnam War touched the careers and lives of Yale students. It was almost inevitable that Brewster would have to express political opinions, and equally inevitable, the academic world being what it is, that he would express the wrong ones.

Bartlett Giamatti, strangely, has gone looking for trouble. He picked a wholly unnecessary fight with Moral Majority. He announced that he would not require Yale students to certify that they had registered for the draft before receiving federal aid. He turned thumbs down when the Voice of America asked the Yale Glee Club to sing for, of all things, Solidarity. Now this vendetta against the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Some disinterested alumnus should get the president a word processor, or a home video game. Clearly time lies heavy on his hands.

Freer Is Smarter

Professor Gérard Debreu, of the University of California at Berkeley, won the Nobel Prize in Economics this year for his abstruse investigations into the theoretical tendency of open markets to reach optimal equilibrium. Some pundits reacted rather touchily to the choice of Debreu, saying that while it was all well and good to reward achievements in pure thought, it was wrong to assume that his models proved anything about the optimal character of any particular market.



The Morning After

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John Glenn's Last Stand

With a salvo that caught Walter Mondale
Easing up for a holiday pause,
Mr. Glenn pointed out that on national clout
Fritz would never be taken for Jaws.
While this doesn't mean beans to the bishops
Or progressives like Speaker O'Neill,
Ethnics tend to be rude to a goo-goo or dude
When he waves from an automobile.

W. H. VON DREELE

Maybe, maybe not. But let us treat Debreu's prize as one for pure science, to go with the clean sweep that the United States made of the other science Nobels. What does *that* prove?

Diane Coutu of the *Wall Street Journal* reports that the Nobels are just one indicator of a general trend: U.S. science has pulled far ahead of its European competition. Among the reasons: Research funding here is decentralized, while in Europe it's controlled by state bureaucracies. "In France, and to a lesser extent in all Europe, . . . politicians and bureaucrats decide who gets the grants for scientific work. American science, in contrast, benefits from the fact that in the U.S. scientists make that decision."

Foreigners envy us our university system. "Look at the number of Nobel Prize winners at Harvard alone," says the head of the German national science institute. "There's only one private university in Germany [just opened], and the government says that all public universities must be equal, treated just the same. You can't get an elite education in Germany."

American scholars maintain close consulting and employment ties with profit-making industry; in Europe that's frowned upon. (It's frowned upon by leftists here, too, of course.) Speaking of the geniuses who work for Bell Labs, a scientist in Germany says wistfully, "To have a Nobel Prize winner working for a German telephone company is almost out of the question. . . . You simply do not have a tradition here where the best men in science work in industry."

In the long run, Debreu's work may or may not prove something important about the superiority of a free economy. But the fact that he and so many of his colleagues do their work *here* proves something very important.

Anne Crutcher, R I P

Edith Wharton, a brilliant novelist and a wise student of life, once wrote, "There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it." As a talented writer, Anne Crutcher, whose work often appeared in these pages, generated a strong, warm light of her own, whether the subject she dealt with was borscht, butterflies, or the Beatitudes.

But Anne was also a mirror—and an enhancing one at that—for her many friends and collaborators. As an editor and as a hostess, her insight and charm reflected all that was brightest in those around her. That is a very rare skill, rarer by far than easy eloquence or a facile style because it requires gifts of the spirit as well—the unique talent of those chosen few described so well by the early Georgian poet Matthew Green: "*By happy alchemy of mind / They turn to pleasure all they find.*"

Several years ago, after the demise of the *Washington Star*—where she had been editorial-page editor—and while I was director of speechwriting at the White House, we discussed the possibility of her joining my staff. It never came about, for which I was sorry at the time.

In retrospect, however, it worked out for the best. The White House lost Anne's services, but, as a result, she was free to write one of the most exciting chapters in her journalistic career, helping—again as editorial-page editor—to launch the *Washington Times* and restore a healthy, long-absent competition of ideas in the capital of the free world.

In many ways she reminded me of those remarkable precursors of all that is right about women's lib, the brilliant literary ladies and hostesses of eighteenth-century Paris and London. One of the best of them, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, once wrote a few lines that sum up the way in which, God willing, old friends of Anne would like to see her again, for the first time on the other side: "And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last." —ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Steve Silva's suggestion for a follow-up to the oxymoron contest ["Notes & Asides," Sept. 2]—the *Pravda* Propaganda Prizes—is a marvelous idea. Perhaps too marvelous, if that's possible—your office will be overrun, no doubt, with thousands, nay, millions, of worthwhile entries.

Nonetheless, I would like to submit an entry that I believe is worthy of consideration. It is an article written by former movie director and now newspaper columnist Stanley Kramer, just three days before our friends in the Kremlin were pushed into shooting down a civilian passenger plane.

In the column, Kramer discusses his recent trip to the Soviet Union, where he was honored by the Moscow Film Festival for his contributions to "peace and

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understanding." (I.e., he was honored for making films critical of the United States.) Kramer's column is a delightful testament to the uncanny ability of the American people to see the very best in everyone (except, of course, themselves).

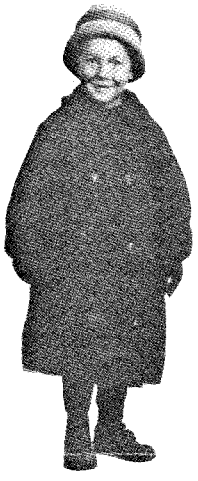
His closing lines, in the wake of the Korean airliner massacre, are particularly ironic:

> These are the people who joined with us to defeat Adolf Hitler in the war to end wars. More importantly, they joined with us in the prosecution of German war criminals by throwing out their defense of "orders from higher up" as an excuse. The laws of humanity prevailed over the laws of nations. Out of the pages of the prosecution summation: This we believe in: in justice, truth, and the value of a single human being.
>
> Surely even the most skeptical would find traces of hope for mutual survival in that context. Is it really more difficult to wage peace instead of war?

Sincerely yours,
Michael George
Editor
The Northwestern Review
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Mr. George: You win. I mean, Stanley Kramer wins. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla



Svend Petersen as a child (Chicago, 1914). He would like to ask our readers how they like the Trans-O-Gram. Should it be harder? Easier? All suggestions gratefully received, whether acted upon or not: The layout restricts what can be done. Readers should write him directly (not c/o NATIONAL REVIEW): Svend Petersen, 961 Spring Garden Street, Altamonte Springs, Florida 32701.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: The attached letter from Mal Hancock, the cartoonist

Dear Priscilla:

My Mal Enterprises Inc. corporation has been bought out by a single, very substantial, investor. As a result the new corporation will be placing ads in a whole host of national magazines and other publications for my products. Because of the unavoidable confusion in the transferring of orders, back orders, sales records, etc., from one corporation to the other, there have been some delays in filling the *mountain* of orders we received in our initial advertising offering. So, in spite of our diligent efforts, there are bound to be some over-

sights. Therefore, keep forwarding any complaints to my personal attention, and I will send a personal letter of apology and an original cartoon drawing, and a refund, and will fill their order *free of charge*! My *NR* customers are *very* important to me!

Finally, I've signed a contract with the Field Newspaper Syndicate to do a daily comic strip, a daily cartoon panel, and a full-color Sunday comic strip. I will send you details as soon as the syndicate is ready to make its official announcement.

Best,
Mal [Hancock]
Great Falls, Mont.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A word of comfort to Pastor Hayward ("N&A," Oct. 28): Since he receives his issues regularly, he can plan his time around their arrival. My local post office is stupendously whimsical (I know, I know; what else can I expect in L.A.?), and I live my life in constant suspense, never knowing when the next *NR* will arrive. I once went four weeks without one, and then got one each week for the next three.

Which accounts for the smeary ink. It's not the ink or the paper, but my hands, sweaty with anticipation.

I am a person of great patience and calm demeanor, and am not yet undone, but if the day arrives I will consult the good pastor for counseling.

With fortitude,
Helen I. Birch
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Birch: Blessed are the afflicted, for they shall know *NR* three weeks running. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"If it feels good, do it" sounds ignoble even when elegantly expressed by Mr. Barzun.

Sincerely,
Laurel Suomisto
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Suomisto: Doesn't that depend on what you do to whom? Cordially, **—WFB**

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Webster's FBI v. Terrorism

IF ANYONE thinks that metal detectors and plastic shields will meet the problem of terrorism, then he needs to be educated as to the scale and insidiousness of this form of warfare. Claire Sterling, the world-renowned and world-respected student of terrorism, would be a good place to start, notably her book *The Terror Network*, where she documents the international linkage among terrorist groups from Spain to Turkey, from Ireland to Japan.

Could it be that the Arms Resistance Unit that claims responsibility for the November 7 Capitol bombing (motivated, they say, by U.S. military actions in Lebanon and Grenada) is linked to the international terrorist network? Fidel Castro has said that he would seek reprisal for U.S. intervention in Grenada by terrorist attacks against Americans everywhere in the hemisphere. Was the Marine headquarters bombing in Beirut linked to the network, and does it possibly trace back to the United States itself (even as, for instance, murders by SWAPO in Namibia have been planned at the United Nations)? Farfetched? Read Claire Sterling.

To meet the terrorist menace, many on Capitol Hill—galvanized by the November 7 bombing, and by the attempted bombing of the visitors gallery on October 18—are coming to believe that changes in the law and changes in national attitude are the key. Last March, Attorney General William French Smith released a new set of domestic-security guidelines that loosened the unrealistic straitjacketing of the FBI imposed in 1976 by then-Attorney General Edward Levi in the wake of claims and disclosures that the Bureau had been spying on American groups all across the spectrum: civil-rights, antiwar, feminist, socialist, Communist, right-wing. Under the new guidelines, the FBI is permitted to infiltrate suspect groups, and to leave the informers in place even though the infiltrated group may, for a period, turn less violent.

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) doggedly opposes the revisions, especially through its spin-off organization, the Center for National Security Studies (CNSS), under the direction of Jerry Berman and Mort Halperin. They beat the drum for probable cause of crime as a requirement not merely for arrest but for infiltration (a condition not even included in the Levi guidelines). So, you have to wait for a bomb to go off, or a shot to be fired, or a plane to be hijacked before you can act.

On January 5, 1981 Messrs. Berman, Halperin, and others sent a confidential memo to certain of the CNSS membership raising Goodyear-blimp-sized specters of a "new McCarthyism" that would flourish under Reagan, as evidenced by Strom Thurmond's establishment of a Security and Terrorism Subcommittee chaired by Senator Jeremiah Denton (R., Ala.), a report on the subject by the Heritage Foundation, and publication of *The Spike* by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss. The ACLU now spends much time and money circulating the notion that the enforcement agencies under Reagan are converting the U.S. into a police state by infiltrating the Junior League, the Oddfellows, and the Boy Scouts of America.

In this the ACLU is helped considerably by Representative Don Edwards (D., Calif.), chairman of the House Judiciary Civil and Constitutional Rights Subcommittee and "waterbearer for the ACLU," as one Hill staffer describes him. Edwards wants to cut the FBI's funding in order to force it to go back to Levi's restraints.

Since 1976 the FBI has been hypercautious, if not actively scared. The Levi restraints were broad in scope to begin with and, to make matters worse, the Bureau, under the indirect supervision of Levi and the direct supervision of Clarence Kelley, interpreted the guidelines restrictively, meaning that for a group to be targeted for an investigation, either it had to be actively involved in violent criminal activity at the time, or such activity had to be imminent. Judge William Webster, current FBI director, has carried on this tradition and embellished it. In late 1982, Webster said he was "flatly opposed to the long mandated and generally accepted concept that the FBI should conduct domestic-security investigations" and that it "should collect information on subversive activity generally, whether or not they violate some law. . . . We don't have the resources or the desire to turn our country into some kind of police state where we are looking under everybody's rug," affirms Mr. Webster piously. What is sought from Mr. Webster is a recognition that the Watergate lesson has been learned and that his attitude is fetishistic. Terrorism is the handwriting on the wall for this decade, and that warning is writ large.

WHY IS IT that when asked by Senator John East (R., N.C.) of the Denton subcommittee last February if he was aware that the May 19 Communist organization was the action arm of the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee—the political arm of the Weather Underground—and that it had published its commitments to a) the violent overthrow of the government and b) the whole panoply of terrorist goals, Judge Webster said he was unaware of such a manifesto. Now the Arms Resistance Unit—which claims credit for bombing the Capitol (and also, earlier, Washington's Fort McNair)—is believed by our intelligence to be an offshoot of the Weather Underground. If so, greater awareness, on Mr. Webster's part, of the May 19 Communist organization's manifesto, acted on through appropriate infiltration, might have averted these frightening disorders.

When the President advances new legislation that would make terrorism a federal crime (unbelievably, it isn't now) and outlaw heretofore noncriminal support activities (planning, financing, training) associated with the terrorist act, he might stress that in our society rights have to be kept in balance. In this instance, the rights in question are speech and association on the one hand, and the right to be secure on the other, which latter depends on a developed national intelligence capability. A plebiscite would show a clear consensus supporting that, I daresay, and also endorse a more aggressive FBI. □

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ANNOUNCING THE END OF MAGAZINE MUSH AND ME-TOOISM

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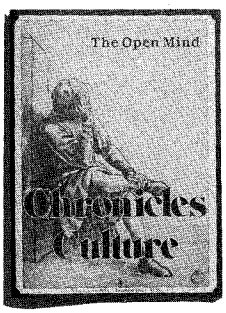
—Tom Bethell
The American Spectator



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POLITICAL ECONOMY

Sunset for Industrial Policy?

TOM BETHELL

NO, I'M AFRAID there's no escaping another article on industrial policy, not even in *NR*. But please bear with me—there is some good news.

First of all there was "Reaganomics." This, unfortunately, was not put into effect for two years because the tax cuts—the beginning, middle, and end of Reaganomics—were postponed. And that meant the recovery didn't begin until January 1983 (i.e., the beginning of the calendar year in which the final phase of the tax cut took effect). The Democrats were jubilant and hooted derision at the "unsuccessful" supply-side theory, which in fact was unimplemented. Thereupon Senators Hart, Tsongas, & Co. were written up in *Esquire* and dubbed neoliberals. They were young, they evidently had good barbers, but most important they were hi-tech. They weren't afraid of growth any more, and they knew all about Silicon Valley. In one illustration they were shown flying along on a rocket, waving gaily at the reader.

Poor old Reagan, meanwhile, still had his Brylcream look, and he couldn't get so much as a cough out of his Reaganomics machine.

Atari Time

Next, because they were so forward-looking, the hi-tech rocket-riders were called Atari Democrats. On their side was an investment banker named Felix Rohatyn, who had saved New York City. If he could become the Democrats' Secretary of the Treasury, then he would be the Kissinger of economics. Also there was Lester Thurow, then the hottest number on the economic scene. He was from MIT. And don't forget Robert Reich, a professor at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, who was writing the important book that would explain it all. He would be the guru of the movement. Soon he would win over Walter Mondale, who perused the Reich pages in *samizdat* and exclaimed: "This will do it for the Democrats!"

All of these people knew a lot about sunrises and sunsets. A sunrise is a new industry coming over the horizon, and a sunset is an old one sinking below it. Lester Thurow was an advocate of both sunrises and sunsets, but he thought they took place too slowly and should be speeded up. Felix Rohatyn, on the other hand, was opposed to sunsets because they were bad for business, he felt. "U.S. Government resources" could and should be used to stop them. As for Robert Reich, he was pretty much a sunrise man, as befitted a guru.

Then came Shock Number One. Atari, symbolizing sunrises and hi-tech employment, faded off into the sunset. That is, it moved to the Far East, where labor costs were lower. Whiz-kid Representative Tim Wirth (Atari-Dem., Colo.) said: "The label contains a couple of ramifications that are very unfortunate." New label: industrial policy.

Hard on the heels of this blow came Shock Number Two. The Reaganomics machine began sputtering into life, then actually rumbled down the road to recovery. Media observers carefully peeled off the "Reaganomics" label as it came rolling by their encampment. "Old-Fashioned Keynesian Recovery" was slapped onto it instead.

The Reich book came out on schedule, and George Gilder gave it an ovation in the *Wall Street Journal*, but this was just winner's heartiness. Gilder's own supply-side primer, *Wealth and Poverty*, had been vindicated by the recovery, so he patted Reich on the head and said he was really a supply-sider in disguise. (Which wasn't true, strictly speaking.)

Reich & Co. were mainly advocating industrial policy as a way of getting the government back into the business of running the economy, not just at the macro level (as was the case with Keynes) but at the level of individual industries and companies. One of those old FDR agencies could be revived, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC), for example, given a new name, and funds (extracted from taxpayers' pockets) could be either steered into sunset industries, or steered away from them—depending on whether the new agency was to be headed by Rohatyn or Thurow.

On this important point Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin has had the last word. If something like the RFC is revived, he said, the political process will guarantee that all attempts to help sunrise industries will be turned into costly bailouts.

No doubt recognizing this, many businessmen and most trade-union officials expressed support for industrial policy. It would protect business against future competitors, who obviously would not have the political influence needed to steer handouts and credit in their fledgling direction. Unions likewise sought protection against the market forces that were shearing great slices off their membership.

Shot Out of the Water

More recently industrial policy has been opposed by influential economists at the Brookings Institution and the American Enterprise Institute, and by the *Washington Post*. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan has also made the Administration's opposition explicit. A surprisingly high percentage of economists oppose industrial policy. One observer noted that when Jimmy Carter's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, Charles Schultze, made a strong statement in opposition, "it was as though industrial policy had been hit by an Exocet missile."

One irony is worth noting: Industrial policy is best summarized as a defense of the status quo—of the existing economic arrangements in society. Yet it is by and large supported by Democrats and opposed by Republicans. (John Connally and Kevin Phillips are exceptions in the latter category.)

It is fair to say that industrial policy would require an economic emergency to move it through the legislative labyrinth, as was the case with the New Deal agencies. Therefore, there will be no industrial policy so long as the economic recovery continues. (By the same token, there is unlikely to be a President Mondale.) H. C. Wainwright & Co., a market forecasting firm in Boston, says that GNP will grow by a real 8.2 per cent in 1984. If *that* turns out to be true—and our main worry is that Paul Volcker will regard such growth as "excessive" and try to bring it "under control"—then it is unlikely that you will have to read any more articles about industrial policy. □

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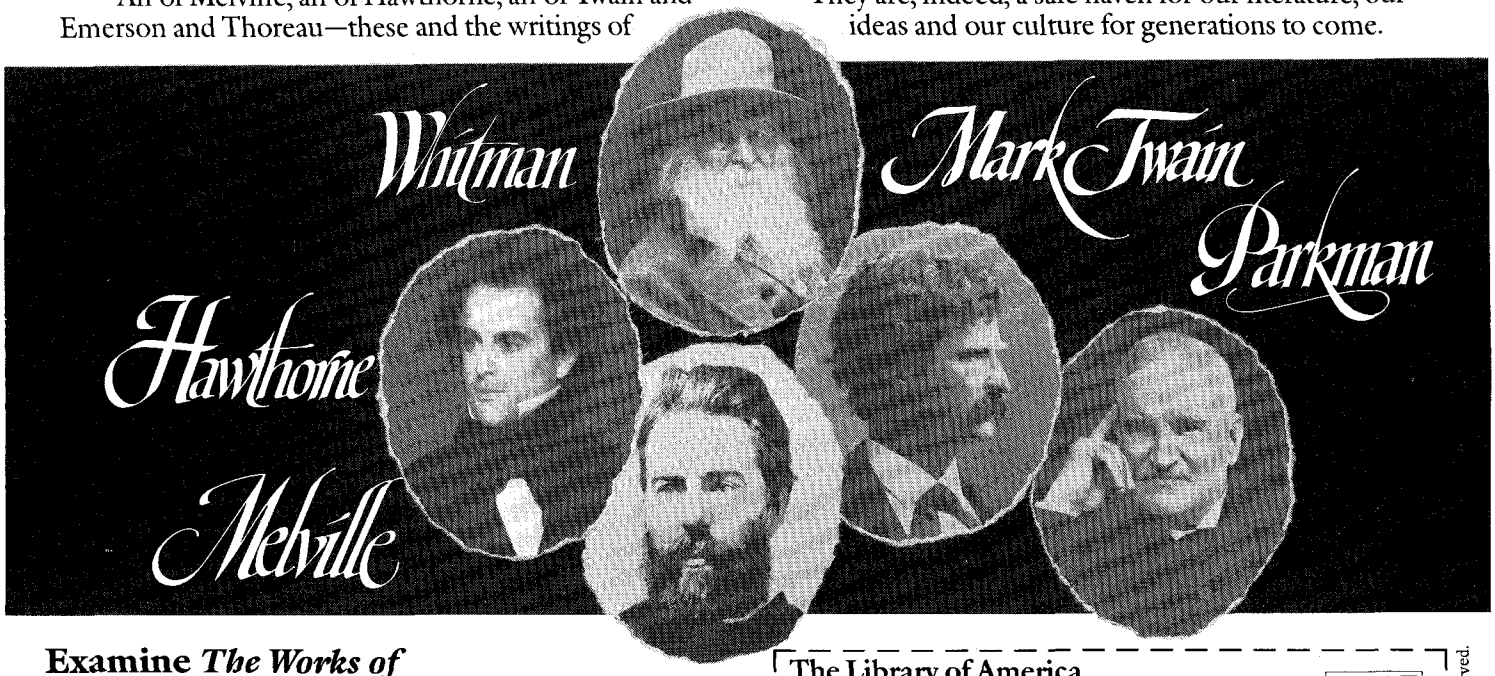

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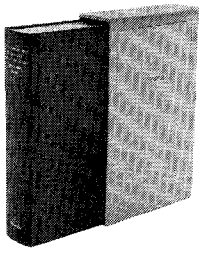

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Grenadian Lessons

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

HAVING ADVOCATED the liberation of Grenada (and other Soviet imperial outposts, such as Surinam—which has been doing the job itself—and the Seychelles), I can hardly complain that President Reagan decided to grasp that nasty little nettle. It saddens me to add that it never once occurred to me that, of all people, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher would disapprove.

We were treated to the historically extraordinary spectacle of cynical old Albion tut-tutting at the misdeeds of puritanical young America. To hear Britain's Iron Lady agonizing over the President's scant respect for international law and over the damage done to a carefully nurtured image of righteousness in comparison to the lawless brutality of the other superpower—that was the kind of thing one would have expected if Michael Foot had won the last election.

Even allowing for the strong element of personal pique at the absence of consultation and at unacceptably short notice (a mere three hours), I for one would have expected fervent rejoicing at the fact that for the first time since 1917 a Communist regime has been overthrown. The symbolic value of tiny Grenada is immense: More's the pity that it was not immediately recognized on the European side of the Atlantic.

The first since 1917? Well, yes, as we shall see if we look at the other candidates. The Spartacist revolt in Berlin in 1918 came to nothing except in Bavaria, where a Soviet Republic was proclaimed, but overthrown almost immediately. True, Lenin's henchman Béla Kun did set up a Communist dictatorship in Hungary in March 1919, but it was soon dislodged by a Rumanian invasion force. These distant events merely demonstrated that, at that time, the Bolsheviks had not yet mastered the art of exporting revolution.

What we are talking about is the reversal of an accomplished fact, the overthrow of an established Communist regime. The examples of anti-Communist actions most frequently cited are different in kind. Guatemala 1954, the Dominican Republic 1965, and Chile 1973 were all three *pre-emptive* actions. Only Grenada breaks new ground.

It is illuminating, if only for comparison, to glance again at bygone examples. The trouble in Guatemala began in March 1951 with the inauguration of the leftist Colonel Jácobo Arbenz Guzmán as president. Arbenz was not, as far as I am aware, a Communist, but he turned to the Communists for support. Three years later, the State Department reported with alarm that a major shipment of Communist-made arms was on its way to Guatemala. Dwight D. Eisenhower was in the White House and decided to act.

To Protect Americans

An alternative leader was available: Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, in exile in Honduras. In one of its greatest, though unsung, successes the CIA gave him air cover for a modest "invasion" of Guatemala, initially with only 150 followers. Arbenz went into exile and Castillo Armas stepped into his shoes. The Communist takeover had been foiled.

President Johnson's temporary occupation of the Dominican Republic in 1965 had a bad press at the time, and still arouses misgivings (although on the record it was brilliantly successful). Even anti-Communist intellectuals, such as Theodore Draper of the Hoover Institution, were indignant about it.

Ostensibly, in the Dominican Republic, as in Grenada the other day, the Marines went in to protect American lives, and no doubt this was one reason. The more important reason was that for some months highly trained Communists, including Cubans and Czechoslovakians as well as Dominicans, had been smuggled into the Republic to prepare for a takeover.

American newspapermen who covered the U.S. intervention expressed surprise that they couldn't find any of the Communists to interview. But did they really suppose the Communists would hang around to be interviewed, thereby proving President Johnson right? Once again, pre-emptive action had worked.

The events in Chile ten years ago are too fresh, especially to readers of *NR*, to be recalled here, but once again, General Pinochet's coup, with tacit U.S. support, was a pre-emptive exercise, which halted Allende's headlong rush into irreversible Communism. "Irreversible"? That of course is the lesson of Grenada: The irreversible has been reversed. Soviet imperial power has been rolled back, if only to the extent of 100,000 people and 133 square miles. Not much? It is enormous, in significance.

In one place at least, the significance of Grenada did not go unnoticed. Surinam, the former Dutch colony on the Atlantic coast, was rapidly heading for a complete Cuban takeover. On October 30, the regime, stimulated by the new facts of power on nearby Grenada, expelled more than one hundred Cuban "advisors." Such is the contagion of accomplished facts.

It does seem a shame that the lessons of James Burnham and his disciples, of Solzhenitsyn and others, have made so little headway. Whether we like it or not, we are at war: in theory since the creation of Lenin's Comintern in 1919, in practice since Stalin found himself, by the force of events, capable of doing what Lenin could only dream about, and began to expand Soviet power.

There Is a War On

The dispute between Reagan and Mrs. Thatcher originated because of the President's failure to consult Britain. Grenada, Marxist or not, was a member of that curious non-family of nations known as the Commonwealth. More, Queen Elizabeth II was still, nominally, Grenada's Head of State, though only because the Communists there had omitted (forgotten?) to proclaim a Republic.

Doubtless it was naughty of the Governor General, Sir Paul Scoon, to turn to the Americans, and not to the British, for succor. But let's face it, he was only being realistic.

Alas, the rift between President and Prime Minister went much deeper than mere formality. The President understands that we are at the receiving end of Moscow's World War III. In a war, you don't call the UN to ask for permission to take an objective. Either you understand there is a war on, or you cling to the legal fiction that we are at peace and become indignant when our very own superpower steps in to stop a murderous Phase II Communist regime from becoming a hostile base. □

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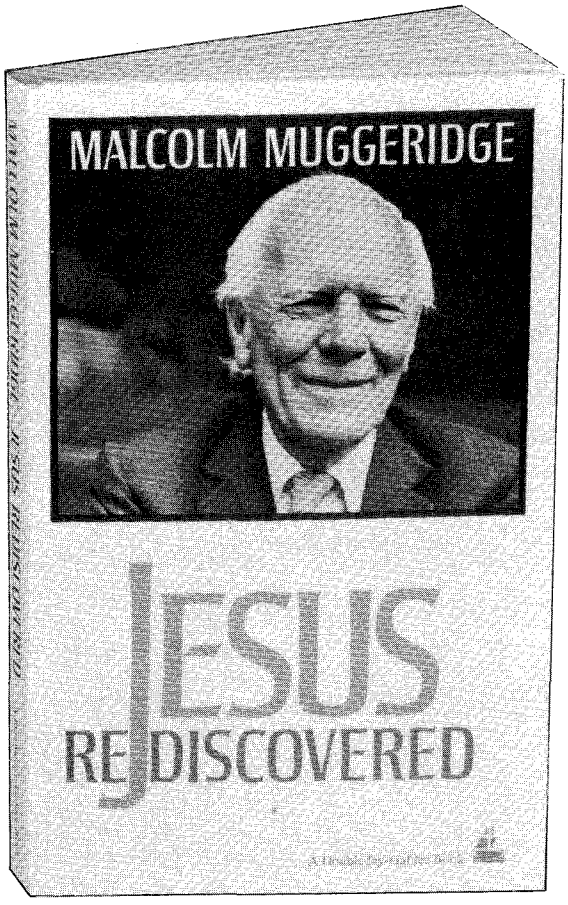
HERE IT IS!



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ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

Three Key Moments in Modern Japanese History

THERE ARE in the history of some nations moments so dramatic as to grip the imagination for centuries, moments that merit a place in the textbooks of the world. They embody an enduring lesson for other nations to heed.

I would distinguish three such moments in the life of Japan over the past 130 years. The first falls at the very beginning of this time span, whereas the third is taking place right now. It has yet to reach full maturity and take on final shape, and it may well be that even in Japan there are those who have not grasped its significance.

The Tokugawa epoch, which began in 1603, lasted for two and a half centuries, zealously protecting the nation's development from pernicious outside influences. A life of modesty and moderation was the watchword of that epoch. During those years Japan did not thrust outward beyond her own borders, nor did she lay claim to foreign possessions. Her one desire was to be left alone, to pursue in peace and tranquillity her own internal development. (I confess that I regard the mood then prevalent in Japan with considerable sympathy and understanding.) But the outside world with its voracious demands was closing in on all sides, and 130 years ago, with the cannons of foreign warships trained upon it, the Edo government was forced to submit to the principle of universal free trade.

Thereupon, the Japanese executed a stunning about-face—an event worthy of inclusion in the history books of the future. They assimilated this bitter lesson not merely with fortitude, but with an unprecedented degree of resourcefulness and perseverance. All the energies that hitherto had been channeled into preserving the inner life of their country were now transferred to the task of adopting the skills and achievements of other lands, and indeed of surpassing their teachers (and this in spite of their scanty natural resources and their lack of space). And today we marvel at the result.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn is the author of One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, First Circle, Cancer Ward, August 1914, Lenin in Zurich, The Gulag Archipelago, *and* The Oak and the Calf. *He has recently completed* The Red Wheel, *an eight-volume series of historical novels covering the period leading up to the Russian Revolution. This article—originally a speech given in Tokyo—was translated by Michael Nicholson and Alexis Klimoff.*

But this new course of rapid economic development led to a general buildup of power, and particularly military power. It could be said that military might is the temptation of all successful countries, and by the end of the nineteenth century Japan too succumbed to this temptation, working up to a period of dazzling strength in the twentieth century.

At the beginning of this century, the paths of Japan and Russia crossed tragically. I bring this up with sorrow, not because of the military defeat that Russia suffered on that occasion, but because I consider the Russian government of the day to have been wrong in its invasion of Manchuria and its advance on the Yellow Sea, as well as in its arrogant plans to build a railroad on foreign soil. These acts of aggression should be seen in terms of the momentum of a large state that is not controlled by far-sighted intelligence.

I am convinced that those who are concerned with the spiritual side of life simply dare not justify acts of aggression or usurpation, wherever they may occur and whoever may be to blame, and that they must resist all the more implacably when their own country is the aggressor. As a Russian writer, I have already stated repeatedly that the goals of the true Russia are not compatible with military occupation or interference in the affairs of other countries. Present-day Russia, a land deprived of its identity, its character, and even its name, a land monstrously transformed into the USSR, is faced with the most daunting domestic tasks: It must heal itself, both physically and spiritually, of the disastrous consequences of Communism—a process that could take as long as 150 or two hundred years.

And yet, I cannot apply my convictions to my own country alone: I extend them equally to all lands and to all nations. The greatness of any nation lies not in its conquests and the breadth of its territory, but in its breadth of spirit and its steadfastness in adversity. The spirit of a nation should be grounded in moral integrity and not in the might of its armed forces. We need a consistent attitude toward each and every country, making it clear that any seizure of foreign territory is wrong, and that no glory can accrue to an armed invader.

I have already had occasion to elaborate a principle that I consider to be incontrovertible: In their political dealings, nations and states are not exempt from the ethical demands that we make of each individual—decency, an honest acknowledgment of the truth, an ability to curb our own impulses and not to inflict upon others treatment that we would not ourselves wish to receive. I regard self-limitation

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as the supreme principle for every individual and nation. There is in evidence everywhere in the world today a tendency toward expansion of all kinds, including economic expansion, an urge to grasp and acquire as much as possible. This I see as false and ruinous for the whole of mankind. If self-limitation is manifested even in the animal kingdom, then how much greater is the obligation upon us to recognize these limits, both in our material pursuits and in the social domain. When our environment imposes no limits upon us, we must have the sense to impose them on ourselves.

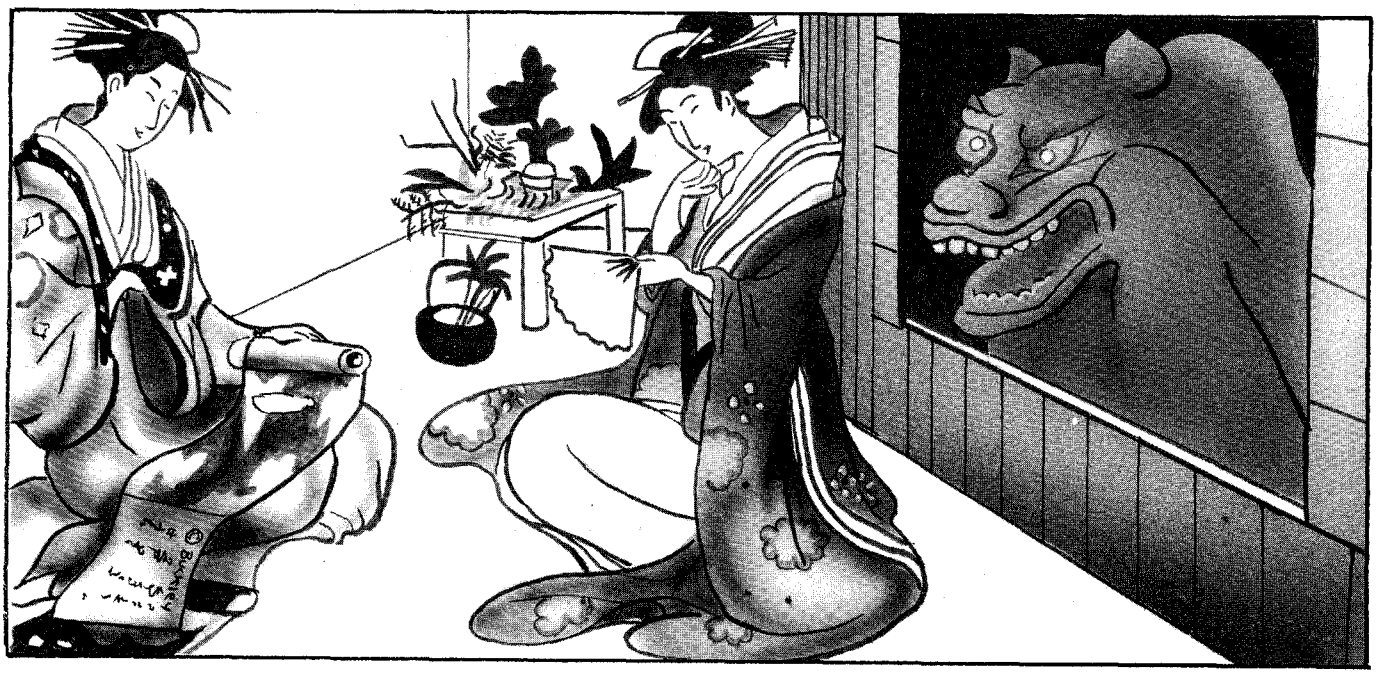
The universality of these criteria impels me to say that in the period of her expanding military might Japan, repeating the mistake made by many nations before her, violated this law of self-limitation. Carried away by her own strength, she threw her energies into military conquests far beyond her own natural frontiers. And this was a perversion of that glorious path inaugurated by the Meiji Restoration, a path that has now brought Japan to the technological summit of the modern world.

However, the views I am expressing are not new to you. In Japan itself, after the defeat of 1945 and especially after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, many people drew conclusions that were more far-reaching still. The way in which your nation faced atomic catastrophe has profound spiritual implications. Such a catastrophe could not fail to shake the national consciousness to its foundations, laying bare those vital questions of human existence that span the summit and the abyss. Thus it was that Japan became probably the first nation in the history of the world to write into its constitution a clause banning war as a means of resolving international disputes and to announce its determination never again to develop any military forces. And this is the second event that I had in mind when I spoke of three episodes in your history that deserve inclusion in the textbooks of the world.

I am amazed that after such unprecedented and momentous decisions were taken in this country, there should today be those among you who would evade responsibility for the recent past and prettify it for the benefit of the younger generation. I am certain that neither moral growth nor progress toward self-limitation in the future is possible unless past errors and transgressions are admitted and repented. Your vast expansion in the 1930s and during the Second World War was an outburst of overweening pride and has to be acknowledged as such, not simply glossed over. It was a grave mistake, an act of blindness, and today we can understand the indignation felt throughout Southeast Asia. But what makes it such a bitter necessity that we should tell the truth about history is not the protests of some foreign government —rather, it is a matter of personal integrity.

I have just spent two weeks traveling through different parts of Japan, and I have done what I can to gain an impression of the way you live. I would not, of course, venture to make weighty pronouncements on the basis of such limited experience, yet I have been delighted by certain features of your society and by your social outlook. For instance, I admire the fact that your juridical system is not disfigured by that mad scramble which so saps the strength of certain Western countries, an orgy of litigation where lawyers are hired and lawsuits are started at the drop of a hat. The Japanese definitely prefer to settle matters on a more personal basis, by arriving at a shared understanding of the issue. I am also glad that your country has a low level of crime, that your streets are safe to walk by night or day, that Japan is not wracked by one selfish strike after another, as happens in the West where, once again, this practice has reached pathological proportions, with strikes even by those upon whom the lives of individuals and of the whole community depend

Alas, it is impossible to pin the hopes of a nation exclusively upon economic prosperity. In the world today, Japan is defenseless before the threat of enslavement from outside



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—doctors, air-traffic controllers, mailmen, teachers, firemen. (And they not only go on strike themselves, but drive away those who attempt to put out the blaze!) Or take the case of city employees deliberately damaging water pipes and gas mains in order to make their strike more successful, so that the town will be plunged into disaster and come running to them. This, surely, is a world gone mad. I believe that Japan's outstanding economic successes have been assisted in no small measure by the greater readiness of each side in industrial disputes to display self-limitation and understanding of the other side.

I have always imagined, and can now see at first hand, that the capacity for self-limitation is a deep-rooted feature of the Japanese character. Many times in your history it has come to the fore, and one can only congratulate you and learn by your example. This national quality will, I feel, make many future decisions easier for you (for instance, the decision to support the humane provisions of the international convention on whaling restrictions, out of love for the planet). When, at some time in the not too distant future, the whole world is left with no alternative but to move from a gluttonous consumer-intensive economy to a stable level of economic activity, with everyone on earth forced to limit his consumption, then, I imagine, no one will succeed in effecting this transition more naturally than you in Japan.

The twentieth century has reduced and vulgarized human thought. We now identify phenomena by crude and superficial labels, such as "capitalism" and "socialism," or "democracy" and "autocracy," and these we use to judge entire countries. Yet the deeper purpose of human life is lost in this superficial terminology. We see before us two superpowers whose state systems would appear to be diametrically opposed—yet how are we to explain why the two countries are so alike in terms of their low standards of schooling, the disintegration of the family, and, above all, the collapse of the work ethic? The two are alike even though the causes are antithetical: extreme poverty in one case, extreme abundance in the other. I came away from my visit to a provincial school here with the impression that in Japan not even children are allowed to waste their precious time in idleness, as happens in certain other countries.

But while your health as a nation has been preserved, and for all your dazzling economic achievements, many people in Japan feel that the country is in a threatened and unstable situation; this is all the more evident to Japan's leaders. Alas, it is impossible in the modern world to pin the hopes of a nation exclusively upon economic prosperity. In the world today, Japan is defenseless before the threat of enslavement from outside—and not only from the north, as people here are inclined to think. For three decades Japan's hopes have rested on the defensive capability of the United States, but in recent years you have had frequent opportunities to convince yourselves that the internal, and especially the spiritual, strength of the United States is no longer equal to the world-wide responsibilities it has taken on. We have seen the United States give way to tiny North Vietnam, eventually losing the war and being forced out. We have witnessed its impotence in Iran, in Nicaragua, and in El Salvador, and how for twenty years it has put up with the Cuban pistol leveled at its underbelly. We have seen its strength sapped by a mass of purblind pacifists with no conception of the global situation or of the danger now so imminently threatening the United States itself.

Japan now runs the risk of succumbing instead to other illusions, as the country's leaders have already demonstrated more than once recently, with their utopian proposal that the Soviet Union should undertake not to be the first to employ conventional weapons (the Soviet regime will give that promise with alacrity, and any other for that matter; but keeping its promises is something else again), or with their proposal that America should halt the sale of arms to Taiwan, supposedly in order to "create stability" in the Far East—a singularly perverse idea. No one with even a rudimentary grasp of the nature of world Communism would hope to achieve a stable relationship with it by capitulating or by betraying his allies. Rather than betraying allies and neighbors, however small, we should be giving our support to everyone who offers resistance to the pestilence of world Communism. Each fresh victim surrendered into the maw of Communism only whets its appetite for aggression. Any compromise with any form of Communism spells disaster. The Communists are no ordinary political negotiating partners, and the only ones to benefit from any such negotiations are they themselves. To expect that the Communists will ever show any sign of mercy is to delude oneself: They have given no quarter in the past, and they will not in the future. Moreover, when analyzing events in the world today we can no longer rely on our former concept of the nation-state as one in which the government serves the interests of the people. One-third of the world's states already have Communist regimes, and this is something we have to grasp. There is only one shield against Communism—iron resolution.

Communism is a force such as the world has never known. It is anti-human and even metaphysical: Its very defects, absurdities, and failures tend to strengthen it the more

Communism is a force such as the world has never known. As a phenomenon it is anti-human and even metaphysical: Its very defects, absurdities, and failures tend to strengthen it the more. Western specialists judge superficially when they suppose that a Brezhnev needs success in some aspect of foreign policy in order to strengthen his domestic control: History offers us examples of how the defeats suffered by Lenin, Stalin, or Brezhnev served only to enhance their position.

It is a vain hope that Communism in the USSR or in any other country will collapse of itself or will be regenerated for the better. Thanks to the incessant capitulation of the outside world and the commercial and economic aid it provides (a process in which the Japanese too are involved, failing along with all the others to perceive that the millions they have loaned to the Communists will never be repaid)—thanks to all this, Communism is advancing unchecked and is everywhere victorious. It is a fatal illusion to suppose that Communism can be restrained by gentle treatment or elegantly phrased concessions. It cannot. Only by spelling out its vices

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for all the world to see can you have any prospect at all of holding it in check. The Communists themselves have not the slightest compunction about waging their "ideological war" of destruction, whatever phony détente may happen to be in force.

In order to understand Communism there is no need to ascribe particular significance to its "national modifications"; the focus should rather be on the ideology itself and its 135-year-old history (which antedates the beginning of the Meiji era by only a few years). All present-day Communists are descended from the 1848 *Communist Manifesto* of Marx and Engels, and even those among them who today cloak themselves in democratic European attire remain, in their most fundamental aspirations, firmly committed to the Marxist principle that violence is the primary means of attaining and retaining power. This has been a feature of Marxism since its inception: The correspondence between Marx and Engels (but only in the Russian-language edition of their collected works) presents details that reveal them to have been conspirators and unprincipled swindlers from the start.

Even when socialism promises to take the very mildest of forms, it always attempts to implement by force the contrived and unattainable notion that all people must be equal

And do not believe those who would lull the West with claims that Communist ideology is "dead" in the USSR or in some other Communist country, or that "no one believes in it any more." True enough, the people do not believe in Communism, but they are quite powerless to influence events. As for the leaders, it makes no difference whether they believe in it or not: Locked into rigid Communist behavior patterns, they act fully in accordance with Marxist formulations in their foreign, internal, administrative, and economic policies. And, what is more, this ideology brings them victory over a disunited and dispirited world. Communists may well introduce changes into their public image, but they never abandon their ultimate goals.

This is an appropriate place to touch briefly upon a fashionable and widespread myth about socialism. Although this term lacks any precise, unambiguous meaning, it has come to stand, the world over, for some vague dream of a "just society." At the heart of socialism lies the fallacy that all human problems can be solved by social reorganization. But even when socialism promises to take the very mildest of forms, it always attempts to implement by force the contrived and unattainable notion that all people must be equal. One of the most brilliant thinkers in Russia today, the physicist Yuri Orlov (now ill and close to death after more than five years' confinement in a Communist labor camp), has demonstrated that *pure* socialism is always and inevitably totalitarian. Orlov shows that it is immaterial how mild and gradual the measures advancing socialism may be: If they are consistent, then the conveyor-belt-like sequence of socialist reforms will hurl that country (or the entire world) into the abyss of Communist totalitarianism. And totalitarianism is what the physicists call an "energy well": It is easy to tumble in, but it takes extraordinary effort and exceptional circumstances to effect an escape.

This is evident from the way the socialists of the world behave, for nowhere are they capable of offering effective resistance to Communism. For half a century socialists from every country in the world attempted to conceal the murders and abominations taking place under the red flag, insisting that nothing of the sort was going on. And today the Socialist International never passes up a chance to berate Chile, yet the incomparably greater crimes perpetrated in China, North Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos do not evoke a word of protest. The same is true when socialists are in power: Sweden lent a helping hand to the Vietnamese murderers, today France does the same for Nicaragua, and it was Willy Brandt who ruined the chances of reuniting Germany and thus undermined the stability of Europe. Japanese socialists are not exactly storming the battlements in support of Polish workers, preferring to make nebulous pronouncements on behalf of "peace in general"—a stance that can only weaken Japan itself.

Yet weakness is precisely what Japan cannot afford in today's leaden world. For it was above all the weakness of many governments and societies that allowed today's leaden-grey clouds to gather menacingly over the world. Indeed, this danger has been gathering for so long that people are becoming accustomed to treating it with careless disregard. And that, in turn, makes the problems of our world all the more difficult: It is not simply a question of checking the encroachments of Communist totalitarianism; we must first overcome our own lack of resolve.

This kind of weakness exists in Japan. A third of a century ago the most noble of impulses led you to renounce the use of weapons forever—leaving you helplessly exposed today to mortal danger, while your incomparable economic achievements now turn out to be a house of cards that cannot bring you safety. You have misguidedly sought to find some outside power that could defend you on your behalf. One such false hope has been to rely on the protection of the United States. Equally false, but fraught with particularly dire consequences, would be the attempt to seek protection from Communism in Communist China, a country that has become adept at projecting the image of good-natured benevolence.

In order to understand Communism one must not pin delusive hopes on the existence of national variants that are "better" or "worse," "milder" or "more cruel." Because of geographical proximity and traditional cultural ties, you tend to view Chinese Communism as a "better," "milder," and "less dangerous" variant. But that is a perilous miscalculation, the cost of which could well be the end of Japan's history as a nation.

Like the China of today, the Soviet Union, too, once pretended to be mild-mannered and timid, but only until it had grown strong enough for aggression. It is enough to recall how the West banked on Soviet promises during the war with Hitler, and how the USSR underwent an ugly transformation as it suddenly began to seize Eastern and Central Europe.

The degree to which Chinese Communism is benevolent can best be judged by its actions. It made an attempt to

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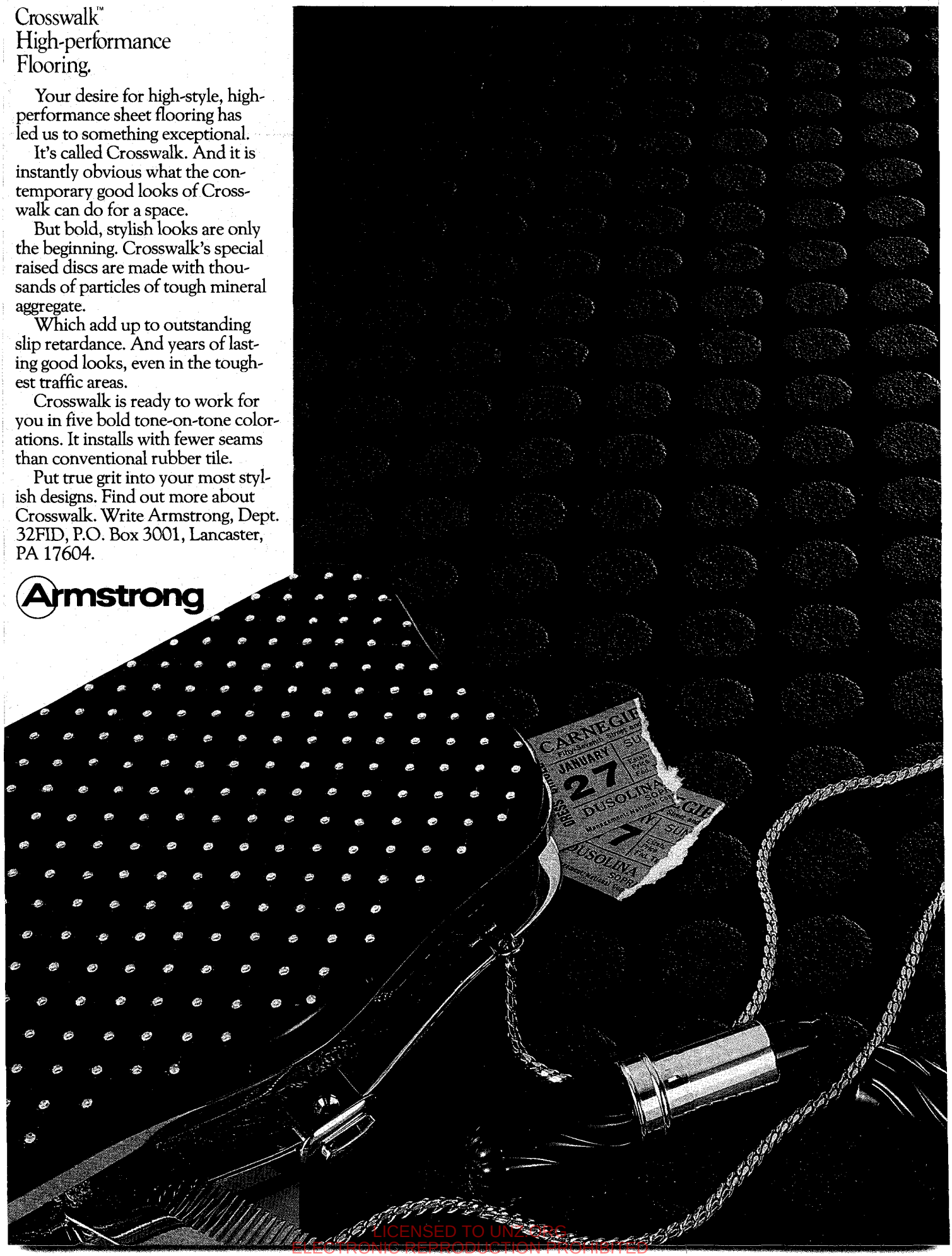

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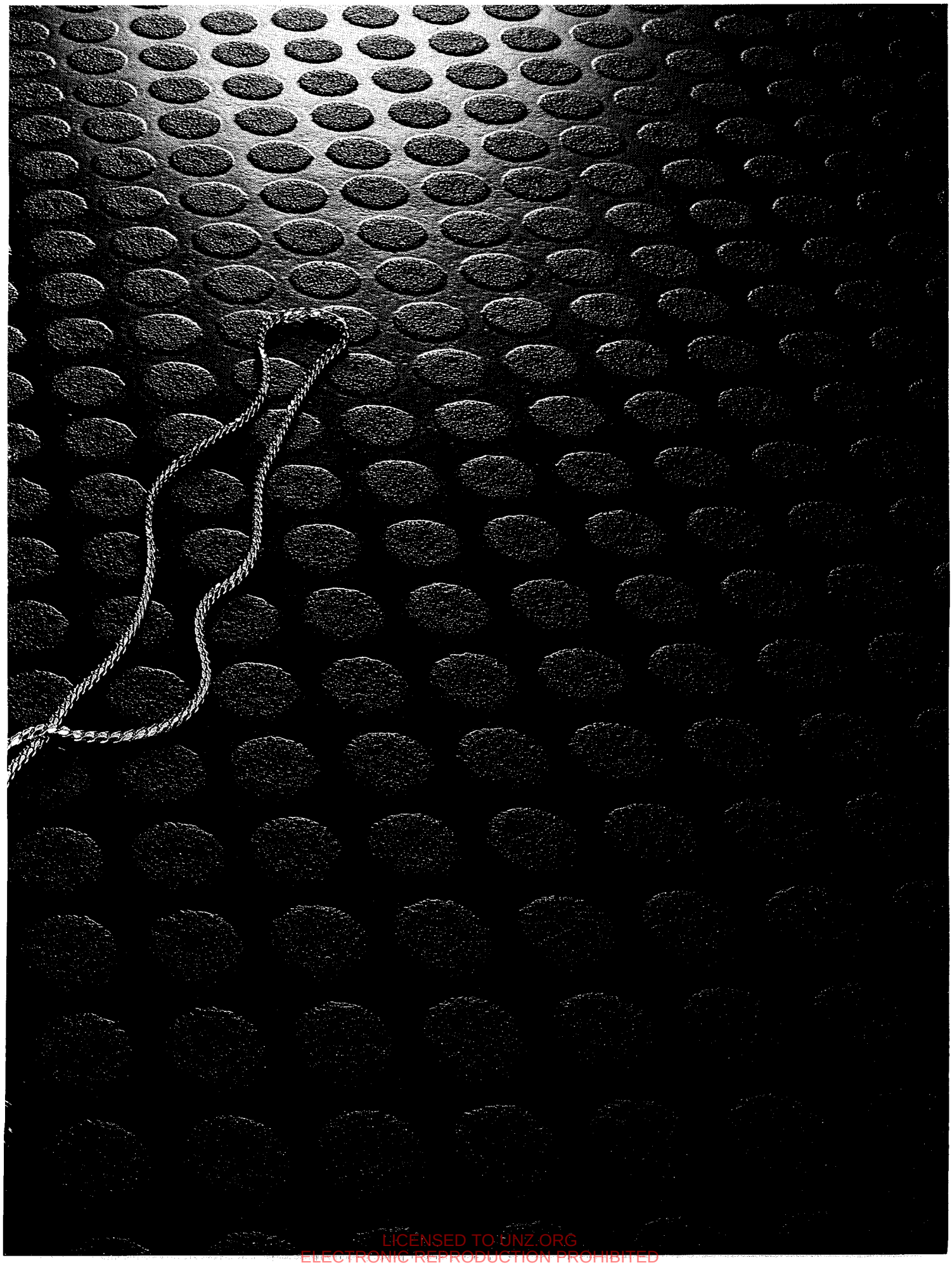

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undermine Indonesia, which fortunately failed. It sent its armies to bail out an aggressive North Korean regime and attempted to seize South Korea, but was unsuccessful here too. If the need arises, the Chinese will send their troops back to Korea; the hearty public welcome they accord to Kim Il-sung is suggestive enough, and there have of course been secret meetings with him as well. And today, despite the "warming" of relations with the United States, Communist China demands that American troops be pulled out of Korea. Chinese Communists have carried out a pitiless genocide in Tibet, and they have nurtured and even now persist in supporting the Khmer Rouge, perhaps the most ferocious butchers in the world today. They help Communists in Thailand and Malaysia to stir up trouble in those countries, while groups of Maoist terrorists are operating as far afield as Peru. It was the Chinese leaders (echoed to some degree by the Soviets) who made those appalling statements about nuclear war: how they would survive even if half of mankind should perish (Mao Tse-tung); how, if more people should be killed in the Third World War than in the Second, "this would only help to solve many problems" (Deng Xiaoping); and that "after the nuclear war China will pick up the pieces of a devastated world" (Chou En-lai). As for what goes on inside China itself—the number of people already exterminated by the Communists, confined to prison camps, or subjected to the humiliating procedures of "re-education"; the general oppression of the populace that is every bit as harsh as in the USSR—all this will become known only in the twenty-first century, with a time-lag as great as in the case of the Soviet Union. Those who saw the televised sessions of the last Chinese party congress will agree that it was a terrifying spectacle. Today's China is ruled by the same kind of pitiless and amoral beings that head every Communist state. And when these people protest today against revisions made in Japanese schoolbooks, don't think for a moment that they are upset as Chinese or that they feel the least bit aggrieved on behalf of their countrymen: They have caused the death of a far greater number of their own people than your occupation ever did. It is quite understandable that Japan has, and must have, a feeling of guilt toward the Chinese people, but this should not lead to contrite and deferential behavior toward the criminal leadership of Communist China. On the contrary, by supporting the present-day government in Peking, you only help to oppress the people of China.

Yes, it is surely right for Japan to cling to its aversion to aggression, but it is just as right for it to grow strong enough to defend its own life, so that it will not be marked as easy prey

Just as shaky are the hopes of those who set great store by the Sino-Soviet conflict. It is true that there has been a quarrel between these two kindred regimes, but it is also true that they can at any moment be reconciled on the basis of their common ideology. If the conflict were rooted in truly irreconcilable and vital state interests, the USSR would long ago have supported and armed Taiwan—but this has not happened. Note how the Chinese Communists supported the Soviet seizure of the northern Japanese islands for twenty years (until 1964). Note, too, how they shifted direction at last year's party congress: Hu Yaobang no longer referred to the USSR as "the main threat to international peace," speaking instead about the "competition between the U.S. and the USSR"—an attempt by the Chinese to play one side against the other. (What "competition," one might ask: The United States is falling over itself to make concessions to the Soviet Union, precisely to avoid any such competition.)

Attempting to find an "ally" in Communist China would signify the beginning of capitulation for Japan. The "peace and friendship" treaty that your prime minister traveled all the way to Peking to celebrate does not provide Japan with any guarantees; remember how easily Stalin broke the neutrality pact he had signed with Japan. Not one of the Communist regimes in your geographical area—not North Korea, not Vietnam—would remain neutral in Japan's hour of adversity, rather than siding against you. Japan is attracted by the prospect of nearby sources of raw materials and by the potential market that China represents. But Western countries have been falling for this kind of argument for the past 66 years: They have done an excellent job of nurturing their own mortal enemy. Yes, it must seem attractive to use China as a shield against the Soviet threat. But that is also the surest way for Japan to perish, though it may buy a little time. You would eventually draw upon yourselves a storm that would sweep you from your islands.

Sales of arms to others, so that the killing goes on somewhere out of sight, can hardly be deemed of greater morality than open rearmament. In any case, the spiritual impulse of 1945 could certainly not have included the option of producing weapons for sale.

In Hiroshima, where even today the visitor can feel the horror of that searing inferno, there is a monument that bears the following inscription. "Rest in peace, we shall not repeat this mistake." Yes, *this* mistake, the mistake of vast military conquest, Japan will not, I hope, repeat. But life has a way of allowing errors to steal up on us in ever different guises: We fail to recognize them and commit them over and over again. Today one such error is stalking Japan in the raiments of hope: the hope that by entrusting yourselves to the totalitarian government of Communist China, you will be shielding yourselves from danger. But that is the same type of miscalculation that the West made in 1941-1945, one that led to its present helplessness.

Japan's renunciation of armed forces and armaments in 1946 was an extraordinarily noble gesture, but it was too far ahead of the pitiless reality of the time. Your disavowal was predicated upon your having been the aggressor: If you did not start a war, you reasoned, then there would be no war. But nearly forty years have elapsed, and all that time war has been blasting and scorching the earth, and it is ready to burst upon you at any moment.

If Japan was able to exhibit such formidable strength in its drive to conquer Asia, could it not—given its prodigious growth in economic terms—apply this for its own salvation? It is in terms of such a portentous new decision or transition that I see the essence of the third critical juncture in modern Japanese history—one whose time has come.

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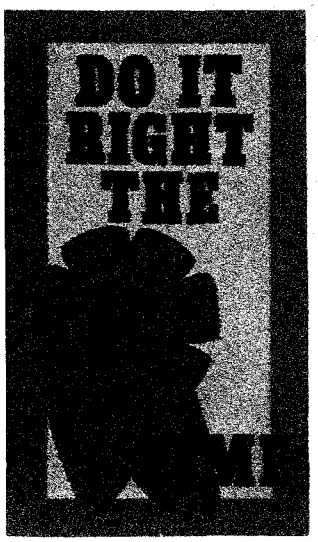

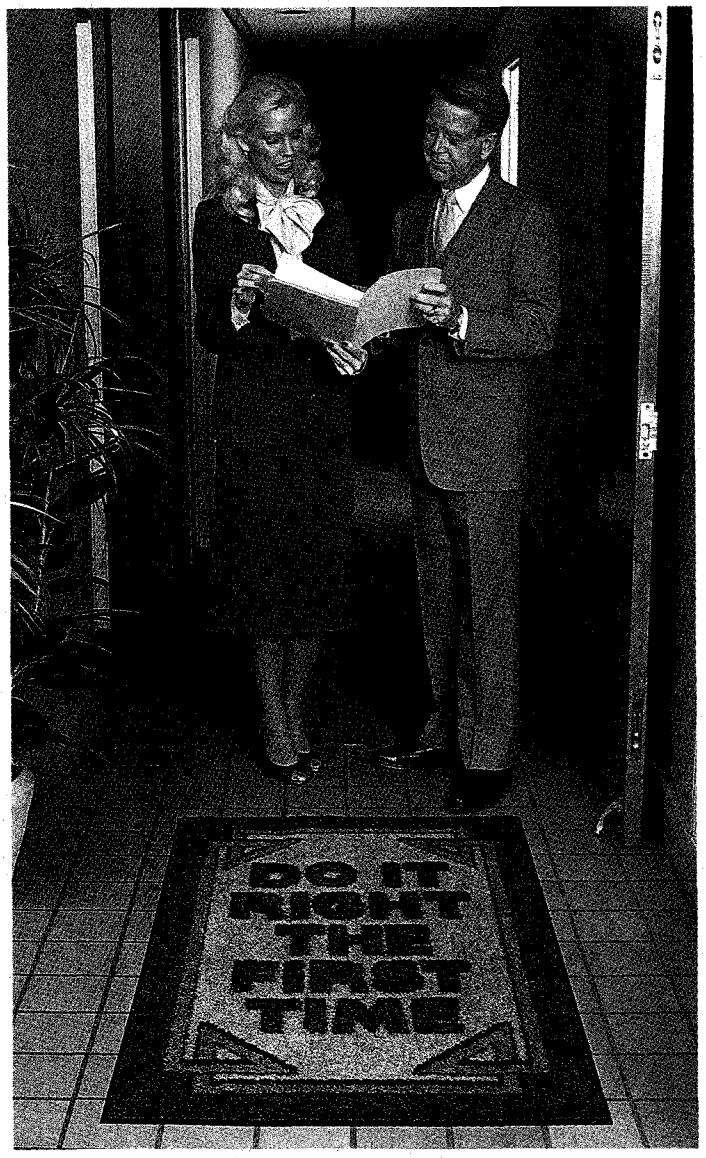

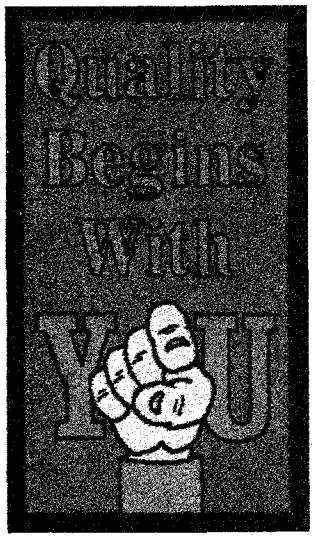

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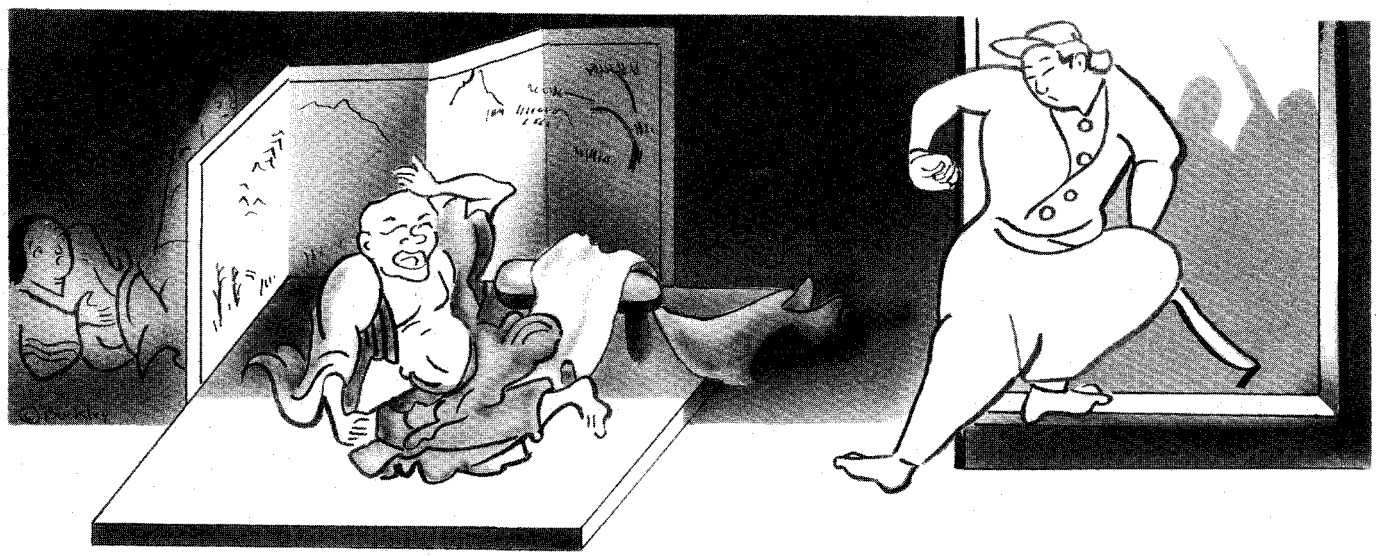

Yes, it is surely right for Japan to cling to its aversion to aggression, to keep alive a sense of remorse about the past, and to present history without evasions, but it is just as right for it to grow strong enough to defend its own life, so that it will not be marked as easy prey.

To strengthen the country's defenses quickly and effectively will require economic sacrifices by all, but the safety of the nation is of far greater value.

Moreover, it is not only a question of your own safety: Japan, as the most developed nation in Asia, bears the great responsibility of supporting its suffering neighbors, the Chinese, Vietnamese, Laotians, and Cambodians, as well as other peoples who are still free today but are sorely threatened, in South Korea, Thailand, Malaysia, and Singapore. If you once found it possible to conquer these nations, it is your moral duty to find the strength to defend them.

A quick survey of the Western world reveals that Japan does not have any absolutely trustworthy allies. But that does not mean it has none anywhere in the world. On the contrary, there are a great multitude of such allies; there are more of them, in fact, than of anyone else. They are the peoples oppressed by Communism on four continents. If Japan is able to grasp the full reality of this fact, it could bring closer a truly great moment in Japanese history.

Those who have not lived under Communism find it hard to imagine the degree to which the peoples that do—Russians, Chinese, Cubans—have been duped, trapped in a nightmare, alienated from themselves; how tightly they are fettered, and how incapable they are of answering for the actions of their rulers. Communism is in truth an "energy well" from which it is exceptionally difficult to escape without the felicitous coincidence of many efforts. Such efforts will indeed be made by these peoples along lines that you have occasionally glimpsed—in Budapest, Novocherkassk, Prague, and Gdansk, or in the example of the Russian military pilot who flew his jet to Japan. I am especially anxious that Japan should not make the grave mistake of thinking that the Soviet and the Peking governments are in any way national regimes, and that Soviet aggression is in any way "Russian." The Russian people must be recognized as Japan's allies.

Perhaps the memory of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 and of Stalin's treacherous attack in 1945 makes it difficult for present-day Japan to realize that there is no quarrel between Japan and the Russian people.

My fervent hope is that the flames of war should never again erupt in the Far East. That of the three great countries which border on one another none should take up arms against its neighbor. I hope to live long enough to see a genuine Japanese-Russo-Chinese friendship develop in this area. But for the time being such hopes are thwarted by two (and more) Communist regimes: In facing them, Japan has no choice but to stand on its own strong feet, and to stand firm.

Do not put your trust in an illusory friendship with the Peking or the Soviet government—it will never come, for all your trade agreements, for all the millions you may loan, for all your political maneuvering.

But I make so bold as to assure you that a Japanese-Russian friendship is not only well-founded, not only possible, but that it *will* come about. □

Kennings

✦ ✦ ✦

Bureaucrat
He earned
recognition
in maritime annals
as one who went through the proper
channels.

✦

Politician
He winced
and looked distressed
by words like "graft" and "greed,"
more shocked by the hard word than the
hard deed.

✦

Gabriel
The news
he comes to tell
hardly creates a stir—
Magnificats are not what once
they were.

✦ ✦ ✦

—Gloria A. Maxson

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THE NEW NEW MATH

What Makes Saxon Run?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"I HAD DECIDED, before the course began, I'm going to th'ow out all theory. I'm just going to shotgun it. Whatever works—I don't care."

The man across the table looks like John Glenn and speaks like a good ol' boy, and he is talking about epiphany —his. It happened in the classroom of an Oklahoma junior college in which he was teaching algebra.

"One day I gave them a magnificent lecture. Hell, it was good. Only thing wrong with it, it was forty minutes short. I said, 'They'll shoot me if I let you out forty minutes early. So let's work the problems on the board.' " (Fortunately there was board space in the classroom for everyone—fortunately, or providentially. "I must have been chosen as a vessel somewhere.") "If you have trouble, signal for a fair catch."

They worked, they had trouble, and they signaled—all of them. So teacher and class went through the problem again. And again, until everyone got it. And so on, with the next problem. "In forty minutes, I got them th'ough six problems. John, I said to myself, something happened there. Now a smart man would know what it was. You're not smart, so why don't you figure it out?"

Practice Makes Perfect

John Saxon, teller of this tale, is not above playing the Dumb Rustic, or below speaking with an evangelist's tongue. The evangelism, at least, is appropriate (he's about as dumb as a fox), for he claims the teaching method he figured out on the basis of that day's experience 11 years ago can double the scores of American high-school students learning algebra—a claim he has spent much of his time since then trying to demonstrate to a reluctant educational establishment.

In 1943, John Harold Saxon Jr., age 19, stepped out of northern Georgia and into the Army Air Corps. He stuck with the service through 27 years and three wars, flying in combat, testing planes, and teaching electrical engineering at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Back in civilian life, he became a mathematics instructor at Oscar Rose Junior College in Midwest City, Oklahoma, a suburb of Oklahoma City.

What Saxon discovered in his classroom was that though his students had followed the lesson of the day, and apparently grasped the principles involved, when they were confronted with problems based on that material, they stumbled. Only after practice did the point sink in.

Every mathematics textbook, of course, has homework problems based on new material. Saxon's innovation—he calls it "general repetition"—was to keep assigning similar problems to his classes, night after night. Each night's homework, therefore, consisted almost entirely of old material, from every previous lesson. In effect, he extended the period of practice for each lesson throughout the whole term.

"I contend that algebra is a skill, like playing the piano," Saxon says. "You do not teach a child the piano by teaching him music theory. Van Cliburn practices. Reggie Jackson practices. That is the way skills are mastered."

At first, Saxon photocopied sheets of repetitive problems and sold them at the bookstore as supplements to the standard text. "I did this for three semesters, and it was going gangbusters." It was a student who first suggested that he expand the supplements into a book. He started it on a Christmas vacation and wrote through the spring, staying one step ahead of his class. When the term ended, he had a manuscript.

But no publisher. His first trip to New York, to sound out the established textbook publishing companies, was a wash. Saxon offered to test his method against traditional texts. "We won't even watch," one publisher replied. "So I went back and pouted all fall." While pouting, Saxon came to a conclusion. "I'm 56 years old, my days are numbered." If he wanted the Saxon method tested, he would have to arrange it himself.

Saxon put 15,000 miles on his car and talked to two hundred teachers throughout the state of Oklahoma. In the end, twenty teachers at twenty different schools agreed to make the experiment during the 1980-81 school year: 1,360 ninth-grade algebra students were the subjects; 519 of them used Saxon's material; the rest used the standard text. Saxon compiled 16 short tests from questions submitted by the teachers, and persuaded the Oklahoma Federation of Teachers to monitor the results.

It was a rout. The Saxon group outscored the control group on every test. Even more impressive were the comparisons between groups of students with different levels of ability. The Saxon students in the lowest of four groups (as measured by a standard test that all the students had taken before classes began) outscored not only their peers, but the control students in the low-medium and high-medium groups as well. Only the most talented of the control students bested the least talented of the students who had learned from Saxon.

Saxon's success was reported in *Time* and in an article he wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW (Oct. 16, 1981). He had decided, meanwhile, to publish his book himself. *Algebra I* came out under the imprint of Grassdale Publishers, 1002 Lincoln Green, Norman, Okla. 73069 (Saxon's house). In 1982, he sold thirty thousand copies by mail.

Answering the Critics

In the 1981-82 school year, Saxon ran a second test. Nine high schools (eight in Oklahoma and one in California) compared students using *Algebra I* with students taking traditional courses in second-year algebra. Saxon wrote a ten-part test, on which he hoped, at best, to make a good showing. To his surprise, the Saxon students outscored the older control group on nine of the test's ten sections. "All the ragamuffins and tatterdemalions blew the Algebra II students out of the water."

Critics of Saxon assert that the test results are skewed: It's no surprise that Saxon students do better on exams that Saxon wrote. But two large-scale tests have been given in which Saxon had no part. In the 1981-82 school year, the Oklahoma City school district had seven teachers teach one class each of Saxon and one of a standard text. At year's end, the students took an exam based on the material in both books. Once again, the Saxon students beat the controls.

(Continues on page 1569)

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help !!!!

The Slippery Slope

Darling, we've grown really old now:
Hair's all silver, no more gold now.
Fingertips and toes get chilly;
Walking's hard when paths are hilly;
Ears can't quite hear what you're saying;
Weakened hands take up crocheting;
Pink's no more our color, white is;
Joints are stiffened by arthritis.
We remember old news clearly—
Also new news; that is, nearly.
Sitting down's hard on the torso;
Getting up is even more so.
Worst of all, eyesight receding,
We must all but give up reading.
Thus, with brawn in muscles shrinking,
We're reduced, I guess, to thinking.

CORINNA MARSH

"Frankly, I always thought gay Bohemians were people from the kingdom of Bohemia who came out of the closet."

WE'RE STILL ENCOUNTERING SURPRISINGLY STRONG POCKETS OF RESISTANCE— BACK TO YOU, DAN!
U.S. PRESS CORPS
MARTELL Chicago Tribune

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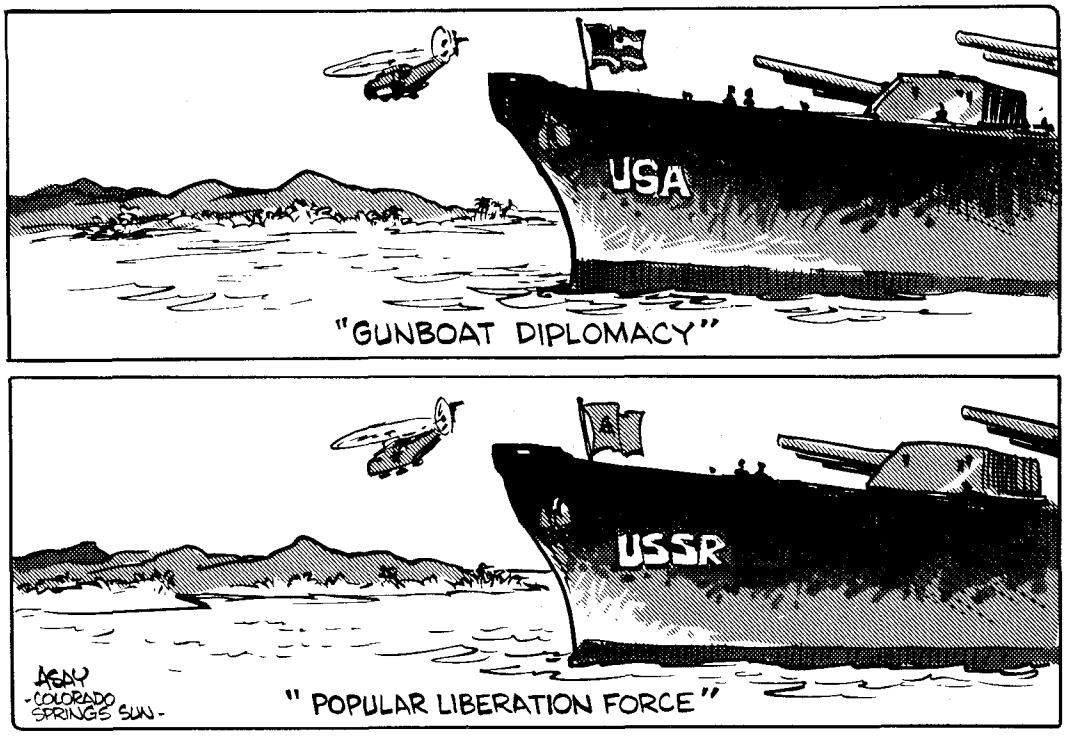

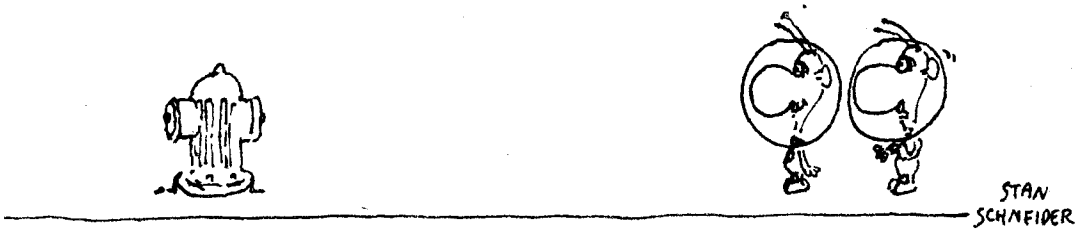

I DON'T THINK SHE'S YOUR TYPE!

I THINK I'M BEING USED!
I KNOW WE HAVE THIS IMAGE PROBLEM TO OVERCOME, BUT, GEE GUYS, COULDN'T YOU COME UP WITH SOMETHING A LITTLE SNAPPIER?
"HE'S REALLY NOT SUCH A BORE; SO WHY NOT GLENN IN '84?..."
BROOKINS
1983 RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH
FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

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Abroad

Rio de Janeiro *African Venture*

President João Figueiredo has just returned from the first visit to Africa ever made by a Brazilian head of state, the purpose of the visit being to give further impetus to Brazil's effort to build its own power base in the Third World. A glance at the map shows Brazil's relative geographic proximity to the African continent, and there is a further connection in the fact of a shared language with Portugal's former African colonies. So President Figueiredo paid calls at Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde. But he is not just a sentimentalist, so he also spent two days each in Algeria, Senegal, and Nigeria, far more important places from the economic point of view. Brazil's financial situation has for some time limited the scope of its African adventures, but the interest remains keen, and some solid markets have been established beyond the cultural outlets in Portuguese-speaking communities. Algeria, for example, has proved to be an important market for Brazilian automotive products as well as for engineering contracts. A reciprocal trade agreement is under discussion in Lagos; it would involve credit exchanges between Nigeria and Brazil worth up to $1 billion. Brazilian authorities want the Third World to stop thinking of Brazil as economically tied to the United States, and to start thinking of it as a country that has the capability and enthusiasm for becoming a valued trading partner elsewhere.

Islamabad *Not Yet*

Diplomatic observers here have lately concluded that there is no foreseeable end to the occupation of Afghanistan by 115,000 Soviet troops. Some hope had been aroused last year after Pakistani President General Zia Ul-haq's conversations in Moscow with Yuri Andropov, who was said to have opposed the invasion of Afghanistan in the first place. It was then that Zia spoke of "a fresh approach." But as long as the firmness of Andropov's hold on his position of power remains in doubt, so do all chances of a definite resolution of the status of the occupation. Recently, though, Pakistani Foreign Minister Sahabzada Yaqub Khan said that he did not expect any major change even if the Soviets achieve a "breakthrough," i.e., wrest from the guerrillas a serious measure of control over the Afghan countryside, especially over the southern and eastern border regions.

London *Bumper Crop*

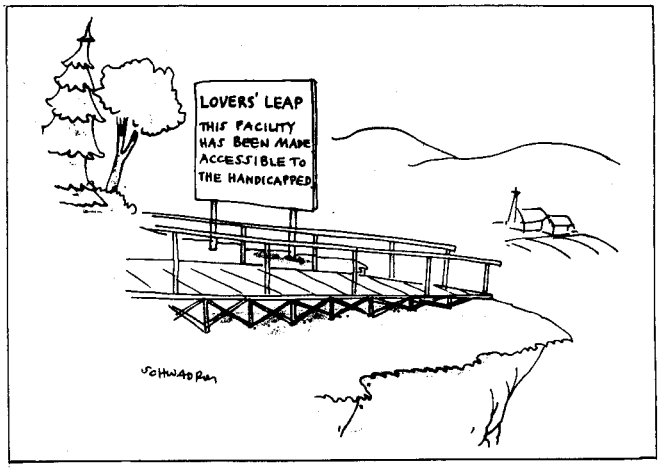
Research farmers in Hampshire have just finished harvesting a wheat crop using the forerunner of the modern combine developed by the Celts of Britain in Roman times. The machine, made of wood and pushed by a cow, was used this fall to harvest primitive wheat grown for the purpose. The machine, called a *vallas*, is one of the earliest examples of farm machinery. It is, in effect, a deep blade with wooden teeth on two wheels with a gathering bin behind. When pushed into the grain, its teeth lop off the ears, which then fall into the bin and are collected for threshing. The *vallas*, in this case, was pushed by a Dexter cow, one of a small and ancient British breed, thought to be the closest relative to the cattle of 200 A.D., when the *vallas* was first developed. The contraption needs only one man to guide it. Primitive wheat, British agronomists have found, yields only half as much grain as the modern strain of wheat, but it has twice as much protein. Moreover it grows strongly in weed-filled fields, which eliminates the need for cultivation and pesticides. Such wheat was used to feed Roman legions stationed in Britain, and it grew in such abundance that it was even exported to the Continent in quantity.

Tokyo *Faster Foods*

Kentucky Fried Chicken has turned into a $300-million-a-year business in Japan, leading a pack of American fast-food enterprises that includes McDonald's, Wendy's, Dunkin Donuts, and Baskin-Robbins. Kentucky Fried Chicken was the first to break the barrier in 1969, when American entrepreneur Loy Weston opened the first outlet. Now he has nine thousand employees, all but one of them Japanese. Weston says the chicken is the same as in the United States, but it comes with French fries, instead of mashed potatoes and gravy, to suit the Japanese palate. Japanese like their salads less sweet than Americans do, so the sugar content in the chain's salads has been cut in half. Most of his 390 shops are in the center of cities, near the railroad stations, because most Japanese travel by train. Weston's menu also features chicken sandwiches, fish and chips, and corn on the cob only three inches long instead of the five-inch ears sold in America, because "the Japanese like a lot of little things."

York *Happy Breed*

British environmental authorities have given up their search for a contraceptive pill for wild rabbits, mostly because they cannot find a substance that will work long enough to interrupt the animals' reproductive capabilities. Rabbits begin to breed at six months and can produce several litters of young a year. The pill had seemed like an attractive solution because it does not stimulate "compensatory breeding responses," meaning that if pill-taking female rabbits in one area cease to give birth those elsewhere will not breed overtime to compensate, as they would with other methods of control, extermination for instance. The Ministry of Agriculture has now shifted its focus to poisons, especially the sorts (used on rats) that cause lung hemorrhaging. There will need to be a change in the law that prohibits mass poisoning of rabbits, but, given the dimensions of the problem, this is not considered an enduring obstacle.



Schwadron, *Punch* Rothco

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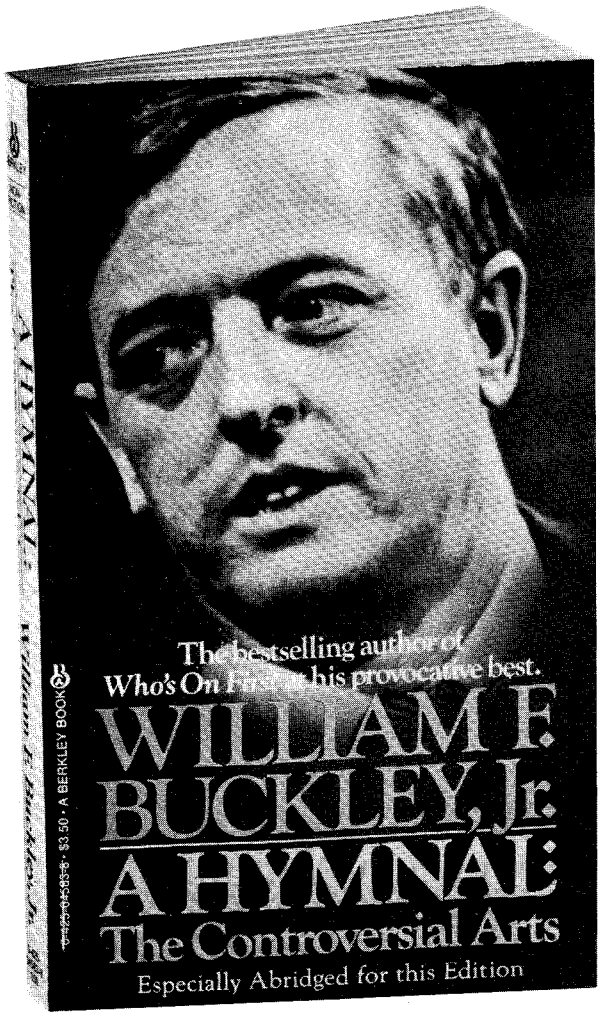

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ABC'S NUCLEAR BOMB

The day before, farmers were farming and neckers were necking. Then came the ICBMs. No more farming and no more necking. It's The Day After, *the movie for all of you who thought nuclear war would be a piece of cake*

The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show

RICHARD GRENIER

THE DAY AFTER is unquestionably the greatest horror movie since the last great horror movie. You can see Jason Robards's hair fall out, and beautiful women turn all horrible, with advanced tooth decay, and nice suburban people with disgusting sores all over their bodies wandering along the roads and fighting for food and shooting each other, because things get that bad. And you can see Kansas City, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, go up in a great firestorm, and nice Americans turn decidedly un-nice, hiding underground in shelters, very inhospitable to strangers, and, above all, lots and lots of wonderful makeup jobs of people in really disgusting physical condition, dying in highly repulsive ways. It is, in short, wonderful entertainment for the whole family and you got it absolutely free on prime-time television, provided to you by ABC.

So those of you who stuck with *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* to the last unspeakable groan should be especially grateful to the eponymous Brandon Stoddard, president of ABC Motion Pictures, which spent $7 million of its own money to offer your family this wonderful evening. Because it was only the first half of the movie, the first hour, that ABC thought would be appropriate for those $270,000-a-minute ads because of the appealing subject matter of the story, which is *life*: with farmers farming, doctors doctoring, neckers necking, some young ladies planning to run off after some young gentlemen to Boston, one young lady playfully hiding another young lady's diaphragm, while golden wheat shimmers in the fields of Kansas. That kind of Life. When the Living Dead part comes, with everybody dying and looking so awful, it seemed somehow tasteless to advertise such national brands as Preparation H or Mr. Coffee, so ABC had to resort to selling cheapie 15-second spots at knock-down prices for such products as Orville Redenbacher's Gourmet Popping Corn. So, I mean, Brandon Stoddard must really have had to rob his piggybank for this. On the other hand, there exists a four-hour version of *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show*, and he was only giving us free the two-hour version. There are limits to even the greatest hearts when it comes to generosity, you see. Because the specter of two low-advertising prime-time network hours is one thing, but four hours is another. And Mr. Stoddard might be answerable to stockholders, for all I know. Which is interesting to think about.

But it was only at dinner one evening at the Council on Foreign Relations, when I heard a member say he considered it very "brave" of a top network television executive to bring such a TV movie to the American people, that something came to me in a blinding flash that I will bet has not occurred to 15 people in this great land of ours: *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* is not just an ordinary horror show—

Phil Rose

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it has a *deeper meaning*. And no sooner had I had this revelation than another revelation followed right on its heels: that whereas all you folks out there think an all-out nuclear war would be a piece of cake, in actual fact it would be absolutely frightful! Here I'd sat through the whole two hours —with cultural critic John Leonard, in fact—and I'd missed the whole thing. I really felt very stupid.

Looking back—but I would not want to claim enough presence of mind to have noticed this the first time through—I began to realize that this *Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* was really a profoundly serious movie, that beneath its glossily repugnant exterior were real depths. Here was a movie whose titles closed with a *bibliography* running from Helen Caldicott to Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* (with Henry Kissinger for balance), and John Leonard could have explained it all to me, but did I ask him? No. I had just let it all wash over me. It was really unforgivable. It was only when I played *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* back in my mind that I realized how beautiful all that Life was in the first half before things got so miserable in the second half. All that farming and necking, necking and farming, wholesome Americans attending the Church of the Brethren, daughters growing up and leaving home, pre-med students registering at the University of Kansas. Should I use a contraceptive? Get married? Hide my sister's diaphragm? It has the golden glow of prelapsarian soap opera. I mean, what soap opera *could* have been if it hadn't been for Eve and the Serpent and all that.

The principal settings of the movie are Lawrence, Kansas, seat of Kansas University and the university hospital (where Dr. Jason Robards labors humanely in a manner richly recalling *General Hospital*); Kansas City, 35 miles to the east (where Dr. Robards's art-student daughter takes him to a show of Chinese art); the Dahlberg farm in nearby Sweetsage, Missouri (where the Dahlberg family is getting ready for a real down-home American wedding); and, back in Kansas again, the ICBM Minuteman base at Salina (near which a sun-bleached farm woman and her children are hanging out American laundry on a down-home American clothesline).

Not that you don't pick up some hints here and there that this happy world might not go on forever. Rather early in the movie, in fact, there is talk on television sets—which people in their feckless way are often not watching—about three Soviet tank divisions massing along the East German border. Then we hear of a rebellion of East German troops in East Berlin, a blockade of West Berlin by East Germany, and a Stage II alert of the U.S. military. Still farmer Dahlberg hoses down his pigs in the time-honored way, and young men in shoulder pads practice football under the eyes of proud parents. American TV sets are certainly ubiquitous. We learn that Soviet MiGs have invaded West German airspace and fired air-to-ground missiles. At the Lawrence barber shop we hear that people are leaving Kansas City, some for Guadalajara, then that Moscow is being evacuated and perhaps other Soviet cities as well. Back to television again: We are told that Soviet ground forces have invaded West Germany and are on their way to the Rhine. "Do you understand what's going on in this world?" asks Jason Robards of a fellow doctor. "Stupidity!" says his colleague in a foreign accent, so I'm sure he knows.

Now things speed up. There is barber-shop talk that the U.S. has adopted a policy of Launch on Warning, the old "use them or lose them" strategy. Emergency warnings cry: "Report to shelters!" We see panic in a supermarket. Television tells us that the U.S. has exploded three tactical nuclear weapons in the air above advancing Soviet troops, that NATO headquarters has been bombed, that a U.S. ship has been hit in the Persian Gulf, then a Soviet ship. The Dahlberg family continues its wedding preparations in tender ignorance, as we hear the ominous words at the Minuteman silo, "This is not an exercise." Then, topside, we see the Minutemen take off; they arc high and white in the pale blue sky. It will take them thirty minutes to reach the Soviet Union, a handy physics professor (John Lithgow) explains, and also thirty minutes for Soviet missiles to reach the United States. At the missile silo we learn that three hundred Soviet missiles are inbound. People panic in the streets, running every which way. And suddenly the screen is filled with a great white, flickering blast, and orange mushroom clouds rise in the sky over Kansas City. It was at this point that I should have realized that this TV special was trying to tell me something. But it was followed immediately by *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* proper, which I consider a very close competitor to *The Night of the Living Dead* for entertainment value, and the whole one-hour prologue with all its subtle hints was completely wiped from my mind. It's disgraceful, but there it is.

SUDDENLY THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH A GREAT WHITE, FLICKERING BLAST, AND ORANGE MUSHROOM CLOUDS RISE IN THE SKY OVER KANSAS CITY. THIS TV SPECIAL WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING

ABC, mind you, hasn't exactly gotten its act together either. Brandon Stoddard is swearing up and down that he and his people went over *The Day After* "with a fine-tooth comb to eradicate anything that could be construed as political intent." He admits freely that the Right is "irritated" with the movie and the Left is "overjoyed," but when challenged to explain this reaction to such a scrupulously nonpolitical film he can't seem to find an answer. Meanwhile, director Nicholas Meyer, an anti-nuclear activist, is charging about comparing himself with Harriet Beecher Stowe, reminding listeners that Abraham Lincoln credited *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with a major role in the abolition of slavery. Script-writer Edward Hume, by his own admission a longtime sympathizer with the "disarmament movement," confesses to being "alarmed" by the Reagan Administration's defense policy, which he considers "out of control." "I'm scared," he adds. "I would like to see people starting to question the value of defending this country with a nuclear arsenal."

Representative Edward Markey of Massachusetts, who sponsored the nuclear-freeze resolution in the U.S. House of Representatives, thinks that *The Day After* will prove to be "the most powerful television program in history," and that it will swing a decisive number of votes in Congress. Advance

Mr. Grenier's novel, The Marrakesh One-Two *(Houghton Mifflin), has just been nominated for the National Book Critics' Circle Award.*

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prints of the movie mysteriously found their way out of ABC headquarters and into the hands of hundreds of freeze, disarmament, and "peace" groups throughout the country, who got themselves all tooled up and ready to go with teach-ins and candlelight vigils. Which is to say that for a nonpolitical movie, *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* has a lot of people mixed up.

I myself keep searching the videotape of my mind for that discussion in the prologue where the townspeople of Lawrence, Kansas, compare the unfolding crisis with the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. "It didn't happen then," says someone hopefully, while everyone remains very frightened. But I cannot find the spot where someone should logically explain, "Of course, we had overwhelming nuclear superiority then, and we don't any more." I cannot find it, and I am prepared to state forthrightly that it is not there. Nor is there any such remark as, "*A strong deterrent would have saved us from all this!*" But I think you already suspected that.

WHAT THEN SHOULD BE THE UNITED STATES' POLICY? I CAN ONLY DEDUCE THAT IF THE USSR ATTACKS THEY WOULD DEMAND THAT WE SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS THE STODDARD-MEYER DOCTRINE

For once you get the hang of it, the politics of *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* are really rather blatant. Not that Nicholas Meyer portrays the Russians as patsies. From the various dribs and drabs that we pick up at the barber shop or from television it seems clear that the Soviet Union, in the show, has invaded West Germany using conventional forces, and that it means business. On the other hand, it is equally clear that Mr. Meyer feels that when the U.S. explodes those tactical nuclear weapons above advancing Soviet forces it is doing something terribly, terribly wrong. What then should be the United States' policy? Now, Mr. Meyer does not tell us this in so many words, but, as I say, I have been playing his show back and forth in my head and can come to only one conclusion: Since the Soviet Union outnumbers us roughly 3 to 1 in tanks, artillery, and airplanes and would presumably prevail in any conventional conflict, and since the show's authors plainly feel it would be very wicked of us to use any kind of nuclear weapons in order to forestall such a Soviet victory, I can only deduce that if the USSR ever attacks, they would demand that we surrender immediately. This, I gather, is the Stoddard-Meyer Doctrine.

It need not have been thus, of course, and it is probably all our own fault for electing as President such a bloodthirsty man as Ronald Reagan. In the middle of *The Brandon Stoddard Horror Show* proper, with people suffering and dying all over the place, the voice of the American President—with inflections, vocal timbre, and language vividly recalling President Reagan's—is heard announcing a ceasefire with the Soviet Union. "There has been no surrender," the voice proclaims, "no retreat from the principles of liberty . . . under God . . . We will rebuild this great nation of ours." Call me oversensitive, but I detect here a certain aversion to Ronald Reagan, leading me to speculate that if we didn't have such an aggressive, warlike President, the Soviet Union might not have been *compelled* to launch a defensive attack on West Germany. Indeed, in an earlier version the show said pretty much that—it gave a radio broadcast quoting a Soviet official as stating that the Soviet action was provoked by "the coordinated movement of Pershing II launchers."

Perhaps Brandon Stoddard's claim that his show is not "political" rests on its terminal legend, which expresses the hope that the events depicted will help "the nations of the earth avoid such a catastrophe." Imagine my surprise, therefore, when an official of ABC informed me that, although the show is scheduled to be released in thirty movie houses in West Germany on December 2 (just as we are deploying our new missiles), there is no prospect at all of its being shown in the Soviet Union. There is this pervasive rumor, moreover, that, even if it were shown in the USSR by some fluke, the nature of Soviet society is such that the likelihood of half a million Soviet peace demonstrators gathering in Red Square to demand the decommissioning of Moscow's SS-20s targeted on Western Europe would be rather slim. Knowing this, as one must, makes one wonder just what Brandon Stoddard thought he was up to with this show. Terrify one side and not the other? Isn't there a certain asymmetry here?

What Brandon Stoddard is suffering from, I think, is an acute case of movie envy, which is something like penis envy, only worse. What many of you good folks out there don't realize is that everyone in television feels like a poor relation of those classy, glamorous movie people. TV stars want to be movie stars. TV directors want to be movie directors. TV writers want to be movie writers. It permeates the entire industry. And politics in Hollywood has become very fashionable. Hollywood Democrats, for example, have re-McGovernized even more than the party at large, which is quite a bit, and just this fall have been conducting a series of suicide missions against American public opinion. Paramount Pictures has made *Daniel* (Ed Asner) to prove that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were innocent. Universal and Costa-Gavras have made *Hanna K.* (Jill Clayburgh), portraying a Palestinian hero as a Gandhi figure. Warner Bros. has made *The Deal of the Century* (Chevy Chase) to demonstrate that wars break out in Third World countries because Western arms merchants from the U.S., Britain, France, and Israel "dump" weapons on these countries, so how can we be surprised if they fight? (Neither the USSR nor Cuba is mentioned.) Orion has made *Under Fire* (Gene Hackman, Nick Nolte) showing American journalists, the heroes, deliberately falsifying news from Nicaragua so that the Sandinistas, the good guys, will win. Paramount has given us *Beyond the Limit* (Richard Gere, Michael Caine), on the virtues of Latin American terrorists who attempt to kidnap a U.S. ambassador. And Paramount, still again, has given us *Testament* (Jane Alexander), with everyone dying of radiation sickness in a small town in California, a low-budget version of *The Day After*. These films generally range from failures to fiascos (Turkeys for Peace!), but what is that compared to invitations to dinner parties in Bel Air?

Brandon Stoddard's only problem is that ABC stockholders aren't going to be invited to these Bel Air parties. Nor are American taxpayers, who, via the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the National Endowment for the Arts, joined in financing *Testament*, the movie counterpart of *The Day After*. Stockholders and taxpayers have yet to be heard from. □

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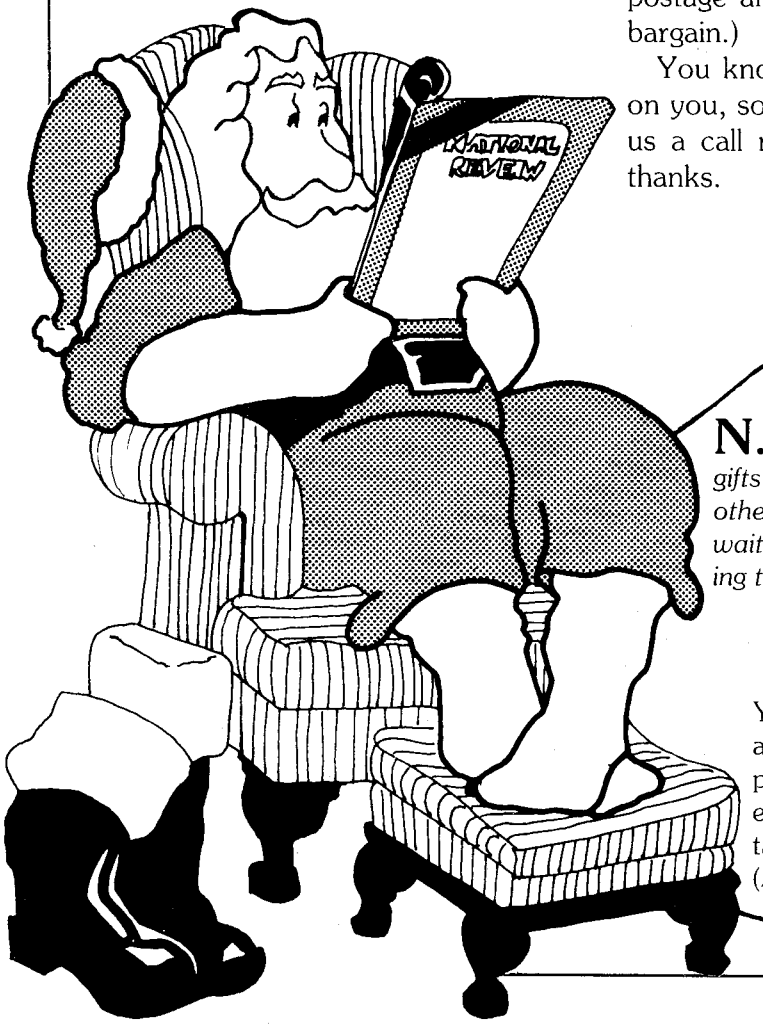

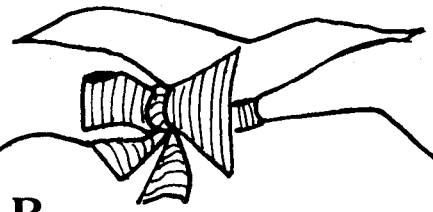

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The Evil Empire

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

The Grand Strategy of the Soviet Union
By Edward N. Luttwak, Herbert Block, and W. Seth Carus
St. Martin's, 242 pp., $14.95

This is an odd book. The dramatic part of it is a 116-page essay by Edward Luttwak, an implacably anti-Communist analyst of East-West strategy and advisor to the Department of Defense. It is dispassionate in tone, unlike some of Luttwak's other writings, but ferociously gloomy and alarmed in content. He claims the middle ground between those who think the Soviet Union is not really very strong and basically unaggressive and those who fear it is planning an overpowering blow to wipe us out quite soon. But in fact his essay is as pessimistic a work as you can read by a serious writer on the subject.

Luttwak describes the Soviet Union as the domination of its top leaders over the Communist Party, of the Party over the Russian people, and of the Russians, collectively, over the other, growing half of the population, which will never be Russianized or fully assent to Russian rule. He regards the Soviet economy as always huge and miserable and now bogged down, never to be capable of satisfying either the Russians or the others with enough, or good enough, goods.

Probably true, these views usually introduce a They-have-enough-problems-at-home-so-don't-worry-too-much sort of assessment of the Soviet Union. Not for Luttwak. He expresses refinements of the old view that a great power with "insoluble" domestic problems will turn to foreign aggression. There was a time, he says, when, even though things were much worse in Russia, both the Communist leaders and the people were nevertheless optimistic; their Marxist religion promised wealth and happiness in a few decades, and they believed it. But now they are still way behind the West, still far from wealthy; and they no longer believe in the golden future and no longer have faith in their ideology. In the last 15 years they have become, for the first time, pessimists about their own national future.

During the same 15 years, Luttwak insists, they have become, in every major area, the world's first military power: in both quantity and quality of widely deployed weapons, and in new, sophisticated, rapid, long-distance, sometimes brilliantly implemented strategies. The Russian leaders have "operational confidence" in their armed forces, as opposed to us and anyone else. This new military confidence, combined with the new despair about the overall national future, is maximally dangerous, in Luttwak's view. It presses the men in the Kremlin to aggressive expansion and to wars they can very likely win.

Not a nuclear first strike against us. Although Luttwak faintly conceals utter contempt for the idiocy of American leadership and the softness of the American people that have allowed us to fall to a poor military second, he still thinks we are too loaded with H-bombs for the Russians to attack us directly. He presents a few of the possible scenarios of coming successful Russian aggression. The Russians might blitzkrieg northern Norway or eastern Turkey to show that we will do nothing to defend a NATO ally, and NATO will collapse. (Luttwak despises Europeans, too.) They might overrun part or all of Iran. (Curiously, he doesn't mention Russian expansion into the Arab Middle East—or Latin America—which *does* preoccupy us now.) At greatest length, he outlines how the Russians might attack, humiliate, and annihilate the Chinese armed forces and grab the vast, resource-rich, non-Chinese half of the Chinese empire. (Luttwak went to China and hated it; he savors this possibility.) We'd still be alive after all of these, but in a pretty grim condition.

Is there hope after Luttwak? Perhaps not; he may well be as right as he is decided in his presentation. But many sober people will argue with him. Not everyone thinks we are now militarily inferior, or at any rate not *that* inferior—and how can we tell without World War III? Luttwak was greatly impressed by the Soviets' lightning strikes in Eri-

John Chamberlain's *latest book is* A Life with the Printed Word. . . . **Francis B. Randall** *is a professor of Russian and Communist history at Sarah Lawrence. . . .* **William F. Rickenbacker** *is an economics analyst and investment advisor who lives in Massachusetts.*

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trea in 1978 and Afghanistan in 1979, and either denies or minimizes later guerrilla resistance there; not everyone does. Not everyone thinks Soviet military machines work well or Russian troops stay sober. Some think domestic economic and nationality problems will precisely force Moscow to look chiefly inward to them. Luttwak is a theoretical thinker. To him societies are systems that have imperatives and roughly predictable behavior; no wonder he mentions Soviet leaders very rarely and no American President even once. But many others—I among them—see contingency everywhere in the world: Leaders here and there may have different views or quirks; accidents on tiny islands can deflect the courses of huge nations; sheer caution, inertia, stupidity may prevent Moscow from doing all the evil it *can* do. Luttwak may indeed be right. We'll know in a few decades. But his presentation is indeed a little too decided.

The second half of the book is a pair of informative, thoughtful essays. Herbert Block summarizes the Soviet economy: a complex mess with many options, but muddling on is the most likely. W. Seth Carus tells us how the Soviet armed forces have in fact developed in the last 18 years, but leaves predictions to Luttwak. These are valuable, uncontroversial pieces, but we will always read Luttwak first, precisely because he is so decided and certain about the terrible future. □

The Politics at God's Funeral
By Michael Harrington
Holt, Rinehart, 308 pp., $16.95

TREND WITHOUT END

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Michael Harrington is most famous as the author of *The Other America*, in which, as Tom Wolfe says, he "discovered" poverty by redefining it. The "invisible" poor that Harrington posited could not be found in mere facts and phenomena: It was necessary to "perceive passionately." In this inverted version of the Emperor's New Clothes, socialism found a new lease on life in the very midst of capitalist plenty. Harrington was the great consciousness-raiser of the Sixties, the unacknowledged legislator of the Great Society. We are all Calcuttans now.

But there is something poetic about him, and he has never really fit into the world he helped make. Though every Communist should be grateful for Harrington's influence on the American psyche, Harrington hates Communism and is not altogether comfortable even with the "trendy" movements he has contributed to. In *The Politics at God's Funeral* he turns to the theme of religion with a surprising breadth of interest, sympathy, and learning.

It was thirty years ago that he left the Catholic Church and became a "democratic Marxist," but he remains, he says, a "cultural Catholic" and "a pious man of deep faith, but not in the supernatural." He thinks he is a rather typical modern man in this. Despite superficial recurrences of religious fervor, he argues, the West is becoming progressively less believing all the time. Yet he does not see religious yearnings as mere delusions, and he says Marx didn't either. He thinks they simply need new, secular vehicles, which he finds in politics; more specifically, in "democratic socialism."

Harrington's socialism is neither utopian nor programmatic; it is merely "a point of departure." Liberals, he complains, "do not understand that it is the culture—not simply the economy or the polity, but the culture—which is going out of control." He cites Plato: "A change to a new type of music is something to beware of as a hazard of all our fortunes. For the modes of music are never disturbed without unsettling of the most fundamental political and social conventions . . ." Harrington adds: "The music—not what is said but what is felt, the soundtrack of everyday life—is changing."

What comes next? When religious orthodoxy ceases to give society unity, what replaces it? He acknowledges that the answer is unknowable, but he is optimistic: "Who would have predicted the tremendous surge in self-conscious dignity among Southern blacks in the years after World War II? Who could have calculated the impact of Martin Luther King Jr.? Or the growth of feminist consciousness in the late Sixties and the Seventies?"

As Harrington sees it, believers and nonbelievers can unite in practical, which is to say political, which is to say democratic socialist, action, on the basis of shared values that will make their residue of disagreement irrelevant. Religion will be swallowed up in politics without persecution or even the pain

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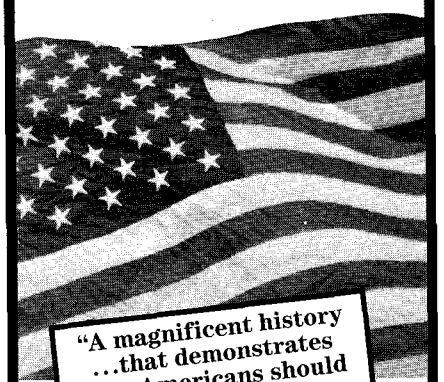

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM DECEMBER: In *Peace with Honor? An American Reports on Vietnam, 1973-1975* (Presidio, $15.95) Lieutenant Colonel Stuart A. Herrington testifies to "the rectitude of South Vietnam's struggle against Hanoi's Communism" and his own sense of shame upon leaving aboard the last helicopter to depart the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. He concludes that President Thieu was vilely served by the Paris negotiations and that the United States was guilty of "the shabbiest of political sellouts" in its treatment of its ally.

George Kateb's *Hannah Arendt: Politics, Conscience, Evil* (Rowman & Allanheld, $24.95) explores his subject's coolness toward Western liberalism, which he attempts to reconcile with her despising of totalitarian government.

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: *A Warsaw Diary: 1978-1981* (Random House, $17.95), by Kazimierz Brandys, is a memoir by a Polish novelist and former Communist Party member, now writer-in-residence at Columbia University. Brandys offers a vivid picture of Polish society on the threshold of the labor-union movement and the reassertion of Polish nationalism. He describes Sovietism as "a spiritual phenomenon . . . it makes us forget who we are and what we wanted to be." . . . *The Russians and Their Favorite Books* (Hoover Institution, $19.95), by Klaus Mehnert—a German who was born in Moscow, where he continues to enjoy connections—separates *utilitura* from *literatura*, and identifies the much-sought-after titles available only after interminable waiting on line at public libraries and which include World War II novels, stories of life in the villages of Siberia, multigenerational sagas, detective stories, and science fiction. . . . *The Diaries of Beatrice Webb: Volume II, "All the Good Things in Life" 1892-1905* (Belknap/Harvard, $25), edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, is a continuation of the drab and self-involved chronicle of a woman who had almost no apprehension whatsoever either of the Good or of life. —CW

of abrupt apostasy. The "agnostic economy" of capitalism has already conditioned believers to act as if they were unbelievers; that is, by living among unbelievers and learning to appeal to them ethically on the basis of shared secular values, rather than appealing to the authority of Church and Bible.

The argument is arid, as if it has not occurred to Harrington that socialism itself may be controversial—or would be if he stopped to define it. Not only is it controversial in the sense of being rationally questionable: It is just plain unsatisfying to most people. It is an adequate substitute for neither religious aspiration nor common sense. One is grateful that he rejects the bayonet; but by no other means will socialism become a social orthodoxy.

Men don't want a "point of departure"; they want, among other things, truth. Chesterton complained that "the strong and evident idea of reform" had given way to "the timid and feeble idea of progress." A reform is the recovery of the normal: "You cannot discuss reform without reference to form." But the idea of progress has become vacant of form, and we find the modern world in the grip of impulses away from form, "always sacrificing the normal to the abnormal," demanding that society accommodate itself to its misfits in myriad ways. The civil-rights movement Harrington lauds made sense when it insisted that the normal black man deserved to be treated like the normal white man; what went wrong was not that blacks went too far, but that the intellectuals who championed their cause came to sneer at the very idea of normality. Progress toward defined standards is fine; but "progress" has come to mean a sort of meltdown of standards in general. Harrington can't specify our destination; he has no map; but he has a "deep faith," as he says, that if we keep turning left we will arrive in a pleasant place, which the eye of man hath not seen, nor his heart conceived. He doesn't consider the possibility that if you always turn left you may simply travel in circles.

Harrington is eloquent, and many passages in this book are stimulating and maybe even profound; I don't feel qualified to judge every part, but there is a lot here. Yet somehow it has a closed and bookish feel. It is as if the author lives in a dream world that is duller and more drab than the world of the senses, in which metaphysical priority belongs to books written by German philosophers, and actual human experience is of only marginal interest. Kant, Hegel, Marx, Nietzsche: all very interesting, especially as Harrington interprets them. But he is excessively absorbed in a small community of ideas, and the facts he refers to—the French Revolution, the Nazi and Soviet experiences, the civil-rights and feminist movements—are too jejune to support reason and imagination. In the real world there is much more going on.

Assuming he is right that fewer men believe year by year, this is no evidence that those who do believe are wrong. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." As Einstein understood, the small and inconvenient fact may be fatal to a very large theory: If the blood of St. Januarius really does liquefy, Harrington is in trouble. But of course it doesn't liquefy in the books he reads, save in a caustic remark by Engels (which, oddly, he quotes). Deep down, Harrington himself is "trendy." It is just that he is following what he takes to be deeper trends. He is not frivolously trendy; but he is somberly trendy. He insists on following only trends with scholarly pedigrees.

Intellectually he seems to have everything but the essential: the sense of form, nature, definition, specificity, whatever you want to call it—the instinct for deciding what a thing is that drives every page of Aristotle. You simultaneously admire Harrington's mind and pity him for losing it. □

The Mystery of Banking
By Murray Rothbard
Richardson & Snyder, 286 pp., $19.95

THE MYSTERY OF ROTHBARD

WM. F. RICKENBACKER

This is really a very strange performance from a very bright and genial gentleman. The title, for instance, is wrong in both its terms: There is no "mystery" here, for Rothbard with his patient and thorough discussion removes all difficulties; and only a portion of the book, from page 77 to page 177, has to do with banking analysis, the rest being a brilliant discussion of money and monetary theory and an equally illuminating and useful history text, for Rothbard is primarily a historian. The book is a theory and history of money and banking, and should have been labeled truthfully.

I am distressed, too, by the blatant padding on the part of the book designer. There is a title page. Then the next

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leaf carries the title again, plus author and publisher data. The next leaf says DEDICATION in boldface, all caps—and nothing else. There follow two leaves given to the table of contents. Then a fresh leaf carrying the title once again, and nothing else. Then a new leaf carrying the names of the dedicatees and that's all. Then the book starts, halfway down the page. The chapters are laid out so that there are usually two and a half blank pages between chapters. In all, I count 38 blank pages between page one and page 270: The text (excluding notes and index) is 14 per cent air.

Then there is the almost complete breakdown in Rothbard's use of mathematics and language. He says (p. 11) that a 20 per cent reduction in the metal content of a coinage permits a 20 per cent increase in the coin supply. Wrong: It permits a 25 per cent increase (cf.: a 50 per cent cut in the content permits a 100 per cent increase in the coinage). Throughout the book (pp. 158, 205, 210, 211) Rothbard calculates growth rates by ignoring the compounding effect. Thus (p. 158) he notes that the Federal Reserve's holdings of government securities grew from $27 billion in 1960 to $128 billion in January 1982, "roughly a 17 per cent annual increase in U.S. Government securities owned by the Fed over the past two decades." I'll show you how he got that 17 per cent. He subtracted $27 billion from $128 billion and got $101 billion, which was the total increase of Fed holdings. He divided that $101 billion by 22, the number of years of growth, and got $4.590909 . . . billion, the simple arithmetical average. He found that $4.59 billion was about 17 per cent of the starting year's figure, $27 billion, and so he decided that the whole sum grew by 17 per cent *every* year. Actually the yearly growth was less than 10 per cent—a figure too small to justify the temperature of the argument. This is a schoolboy's error. To see Rothbard commit it, indeed insist upon it (he follows the same procedure on pages 205, 210, and 211), is a wonder beyond all explaining.

Between math and language there are scientific metaphors all gone wrong. Rothbard's "equilibrium point in physics" (p. 22) is misnamed: He meant to refer to dynamic stability (in which an object, if dislodged, returns to its starting place). He consistently uses "proportion" when he means "ratio" (x/y is a ratio; $x/y = a/b$ is a proportion; every schoolboy knows this). He speaks (p. 171—I cite the page lest you simply disbelieve me) of "rapidly and asymptotically approaching an increased money supply," which is foolish: The asymptotic approach is unceasing but ever slower and slower. May one be permitted to suspect that when a gifted historian tosses big scientific words around with reckless and indeed self-destructive abandon, he is attempting to bamboozle the laity with mumbo-jumbo?

Or take a look at Rothbard's algebra (p. 278). He sets up the statement

$$X = \frac{D + X}{MM}$$

and proceeds to multiply by MM and subtract X, arriving at

$$MM \cdot X - X = \frac{D}{MM}$$

which is nonsense; he should have got

$$MM \cdot X - X = D$$

See what I mean? Why all the big parade of algebra when he can't make it come out right?

As for language, savor this (p. 129): "In a regime of free banking, the more frequently bank clients desire to shift from deposits to notes need not cause any change in the total money supply." What is one to do (p. 130) with "significantly far higher fractions"? Or (p. 278) "Carswell, *The South Sea Bubble*, op. cit."? There's glory on page 204, where one sentence directly contradicts the next: ". . . the contraction of money and credit swiftly brought to the United States its first widespread economic and financial depression. The first nationwide 'boom-bust' cycle had arrived in the United States, ignited by rapid and massive inflation and quickly succeeded by contraction of money and credit."

Singular subject and plural verb, or plural subject and singular verb, may be found throughout (pp. 184, 187, 217, 258, 259, 267, etc.). Inscrutability thrives (p. 228): "But, perhaps as a way of blocking such redemption, interstate, and even more, intrastate, banking continued to be illegal." Syntax gets a drubbing, of course. Unscramble this one if you can (p. 246): "That country was too powerful to coerce [to be coerced?], and the danger to Britain's inflationary policy of the 1920s was that it [Britain? the pol-

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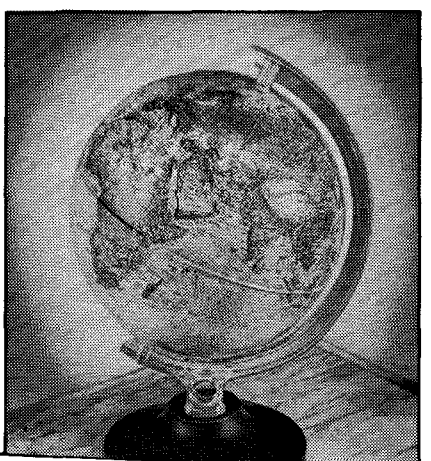

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icy?] would lose gold to the U.S. and thereby be forced to contract and explode the bubble it had created." Contract and explode a bubble? But this is the same magician who speaks (p. 261) of the Federal Reserve's system for "changes in reverse requirements," so help me.

The technical flaws are a problem, too. The desirable characteristics of money are listed on page 7 but ease of recognition is omitted; it finally appears, on page 273, as a footnote to chapter four. Seigniorage (p. 272) has a far broader meaning than simply the mint's charge for recoinage. There are several definitions of money and several definitions of inflation, leaving the reader yearning for the accuracy and consistency of good old Ludwig von Mises. The pound sterling was *not* "exactly that—one pound of silver." It was .925 fine. The date (p. 204) is not mid-1919 but one century earlier.

And so on, into the night. Rothbard is such a nice man. Why did he do this to us? □

The Healing Heart
By Norman Cousins
Norton, 288 pp., $13.95

ONE ON ONE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Norman Cousins, who kept the *Saturday Review* going as a prime cultural influence for more than 25 years, was always a crusader. After the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, he reasoned, quite logically, that there would be no peace until The Bomb could be brought under the control of a world federalist organization. The crusader in him would not admit that maybe, just maybe, there were powers in this world bent on attaining peace by their own methods, which involved intimidation and, ultimately, physical conquest. Despite all the evidence—Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic states, Cuba, Angola, Ethiopia, et cetera—Norman Cousins persisted in thinking the Communists were basically just like us. I always felt that Cousins would have done better for his cause if he had thrown in with Clarence Streit, whose idea of organizing a protective federation of the Western democracies had some reasonable chance of success when Jean Monnet was talking about a federated Europe.

Cousins simply would not believe that the Soviets would remain permanently obstinate. He took the battle into Russia itself, going in 1964 to Leningrad and Moscow as chairman of an American delegation to plead for more cultural exchanges. The result was physically disastrous for him. He couldn't sleep because of the diesel trucks that plied back and forth all night before his window. The hydrocarbons from diesel exhaust seemed everywhere, and it was a final insult when he was caught at the Moscow airport by the exhaust spew of a jet plane at point-blank range. Earlier, a chauffeur from an automobile pool in Moscow had taken him four hours out of his way before delivering him to an important meeting at a top Communist's dacha. When he got back to New York he had to be hospitalized, suffering from collagen disease, a malady that unbinds the connective tissues in the spine. Quite literally, he was coming unstuck.

Ironically, this defeat by the Russians provided Norman Cousins with a crusade that he could win. A specialist said he had one chance in five hundred of recovering. With the help of his own physician he decided he could beat the odds by cultivating a happy frame of mind, dispensing with all drugs (even aspirin), and taking massive doses of vitamin C to help oxygenate his blood. When he got home from the hospital he pulled down the blinds, turned on a motion-picture projector, and made the joyous discovery that ten minutes of belly-laughter at a Marx Brothers film could lead to two hours of restful sleep. He had heard of people laughing themselves sick, but he laughed himself well.

The case, when written up in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, proved a sensation even before it was enlarged into a book, *Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient*. It turned Cousins into a crusader for a different understanding between doctor and patient. The treatment he received on first entering the hospital made him skeptical of much of the hospital routine. There was no sense, he concluded, in being drained of four slugs of blood every day when one specimen would do. The aspirin dosage seemed witless. It was hardly conducive to rest to be wakened throughout the night for tests. As for the hospital food, the overcooked vegetables and the white bread with its chemical softeners and bleached flour seemed nutritional idiocy.

After his recovery from collagen disease, Cousins was asked if he could go through it a second time. He said he thought he could. Little did he suspect that, 16 years later, he would have a fairly massive heart attack that would test his courage and his ability to analyze himself all over again.

The story of his second battle, told in *The Healing Heart*, is fully as dramatic as the first. The attack came at a time when Cousins was teaching at a California medical school, in an experiment designed to make doctors conversant with the humanities as well as with the more specialized precincts of medical science. When Cousins was told by one specialist that he would have a better chance of living if he were to have a by-pass operation, Cousins thought back to 1939, when he was turned down for insurance because a cardiogram indicated he had had a "silent coronary." He had played tennis and led a strenuous life after this with no bad effects. So he decided, against advice, to chance it once again.

That was three years ago. With his wife watching his diet, and with a continuing athletic regimen, he seems to have pulled through once again. Though all of his doctors have been understanding, he continues his crusade against any medical regimen that scares people. Six doctors who have examined his record think he has more or less proved the case for cooperation between the patient and the doctor in diagnosis and in treatment.

In an epilogue Norman Cousins recurs to the need for world law. Alas, he has proved that it is far easier to prescribe for individuals than for world society. What Dr. Lenin wanted for capitalists was euthanasia. □

FILM

POLITICAL FILMS, PART TWO

JOHN SIMON

The most arresting political film recently made by what can still loosely be called Hollywood—even though the director is British and the location Mexican—is *Under Fire*. The immediately provocative aspect of this film about American jour-

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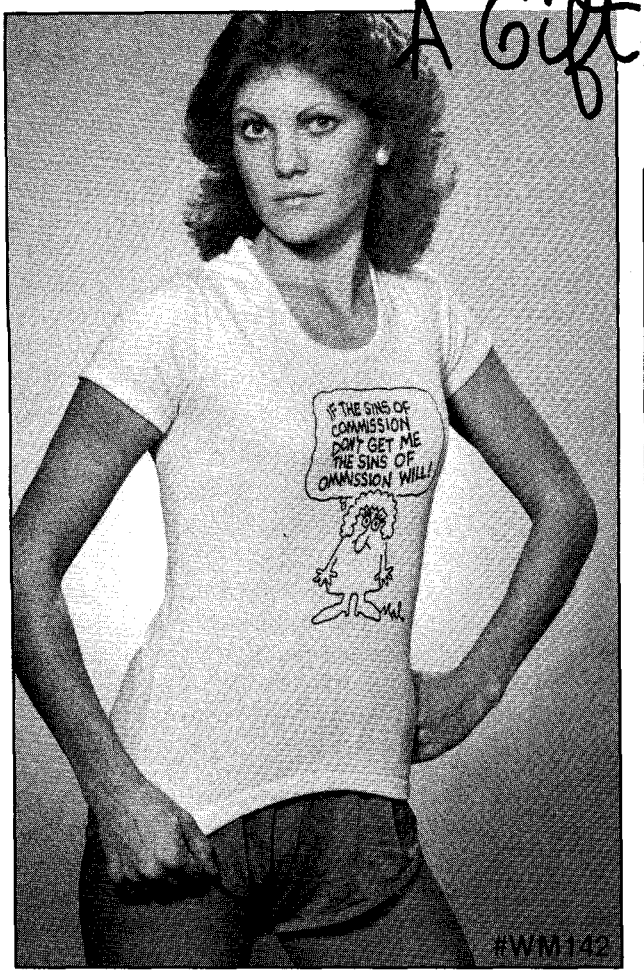

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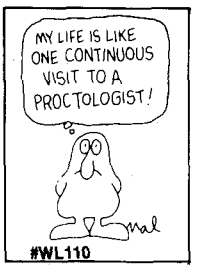

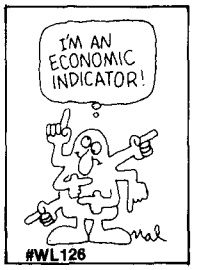

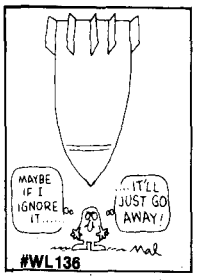

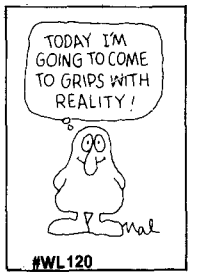

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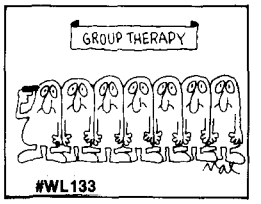

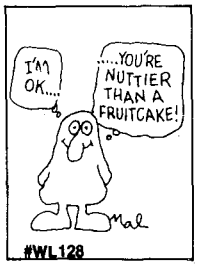

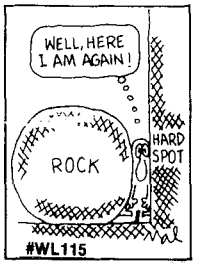

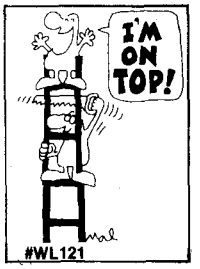

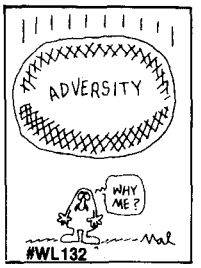

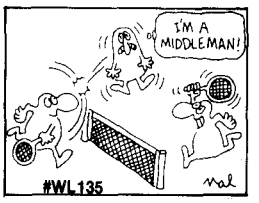

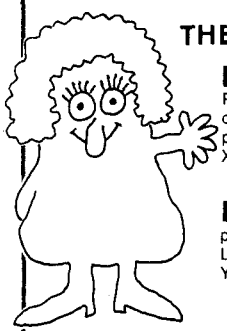

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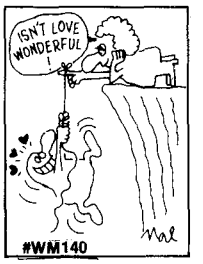

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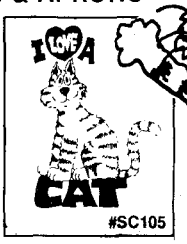

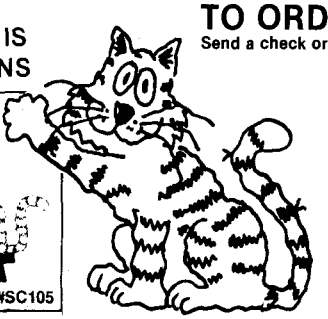

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nalists in Nicaragua is that it openly espouses the Sandinista cause; the more valuable contribution is that—despite a number of clichés, improbabilities, impossibilities, and views that you may not share—it is the most thought-provoking, intermittently perceptive, and generally well-made political film around.

The action begins in civil-war-torn Chad with a prologue that introduces the main characters. Russell Price is a renowned photo-journalist whose belly is as engirded with cameras as a hula dancer's bosom with leis, and whom we see fearlessly clicking away with his camera while elephant-enhanced ground troops are suddenly attacked by a large helicopter. Soon he finds himself on a military truck with one white man smirking among scowling black soldiers. This is Oates, an American soldier of fortune who thinks he is fighting for the government but, when informed by Price that these are the insurgents, proves just as happy to kill for that side. There is a farewell party for the press corps at which we meet Alex and Claire, whose love affair is ending. Alex, a famous *Time* correspondent, is about to take on a cushy TV anchorman's job back home and wants Claire to leave her work as a radio reporter and settle down as his wife. But Claire wants to go on as she is, though she also longs for her growing daughter, to whom she often talks by phone or tape recording. At the party, Russell, an old friend of Alex and Claire's, begins to fall for the woman and takes many pictures of her. Then all three are off to Nicaragua; the year is 1979, and there is "a dandy little war" going on there.

The prologue compactly establishes the strengths and weaknesses of *Under Fire*. The shots Price takes are recorded by freeze frames, in monochrome or color, that briefly stop the action to the accompaniment of the amplified noise of the shutter sounding like an elephant wheezing in orgasm. This annoyingly self-referential and self-regarding device recurs throughout (though less often later); I kept feeling displaced by its visual jazziness and aural stridency from a concert hall to a discothèque. However, John Alcott's cinematography is so lavishly alive, and Roger Spottiswoode's direction so Stendhalianly evocative of the chaos of battle and of human restlessness in general, that atmosphere promptly matures into communicated reality.

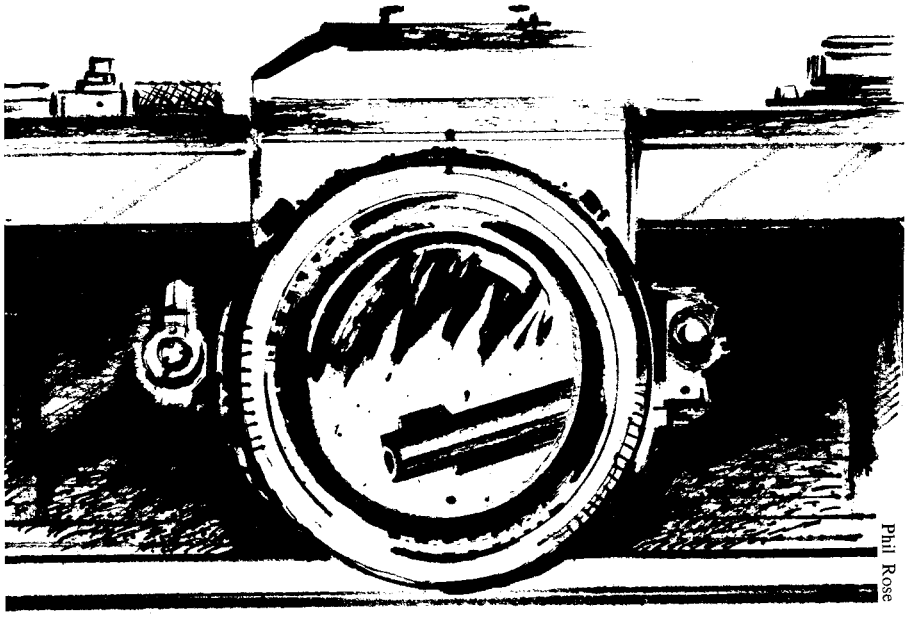
The three main Americans are efficaciously depicted (screenplay by Ron Shelton and Clayton Frohman), albeit as the conventional movie-made journalistic two guys and a gal hardnosedly triangling it up against a background of war; still, their conversation and behavior are a bit riper, more idiosyncratic, and at times even more vulnerable than those of the Hollywood prototypes. Similarly, the CIA presence is deftly, even wittily, sketched in, and Oates, the mercenary, is fleshed out with a couple of telling strokes as a clean-cut psychopath for whom carnage is a kind of college athletics minus the team spirit. He is the horrible hyper-extension of Price, who says that he takes no sides, only pictures. And Alex and Claire are made more human by the conflicts of middle age, the temptations of easing up. But they can't say no to Nicaragua, where Somoza and his forces are on their last legs.

The atmosphere of genuine decadence and brittle bravado in Managua is well captured. Enter another major character: Jazy, a Frenchman working for the CIA and probably, as he says, for everyone else, too. Intelligent, luxury-loving, and sporting his jadedness like a perfect suntan, he carries on with Somoza's sexy and dumb mistress, plays cat-and-mouse with the American journalists, and spouts cynical, unsettling epigrams. Also well-drawn are Somoza's American publicist (played with just the right amount of oily sincerity by Richard Masur) and Somoza himself, with a megalomania that remains folksily puny, and a number of lesser figures. Against Mexican backgrounds, Spottiswoode re-creates a convincing Nicaragua in which tensions, menace, and outbursts of both meaningful and meaningless violence are framed by mingled lushness and poverty, natural opulence and human meanness or misery.

Stanley Kauffmann has stated the case against *Under Fire* well; Pauline Kael, the case for it rather too well. I am somewhere in between. The humanization-*cum*-radicalization of Price, and his consequent finding sexual favor with Claire, may be presented in too sentimental a way; the invention of a Guevara-like Nicaraguan leader, Rafael, and the role he plays in the revolution and in the lives of the principals have too much of the incredible about them; and the politically and amatorily happy ending seems rather too facilely upbeat.

I am not, however, particularly bothered by a journalist's losing his neutrality to the point of photographing a lie—Rafael's corpse as if it were alive—in order to help the cause he now espouses: I have never had much faith in the moral finickiness of the press, although I do wonder whether, even with rather persuasive motivation, Price would so endanger his future career. The casual murder of an American newsman (based on the case of ABC's Bill Stewart), though, and the conveying of various moods and attitudes in war, from fighting with sportively daredevil amateurishness to the hysterical or bored shooting of everything that moves (even a squealing pig), from the utter confusion of the populace to the sudden panic that seizes experienced pressmen—in short, chaos of every stripe—could scarcely be made more palpable. Thus it is the gruesome or ironic incidentals that carry the film more than do the major incidents.

Though there is no doubt of the filmmakers' pro-Sandinista feelings, there is



Phil Rose

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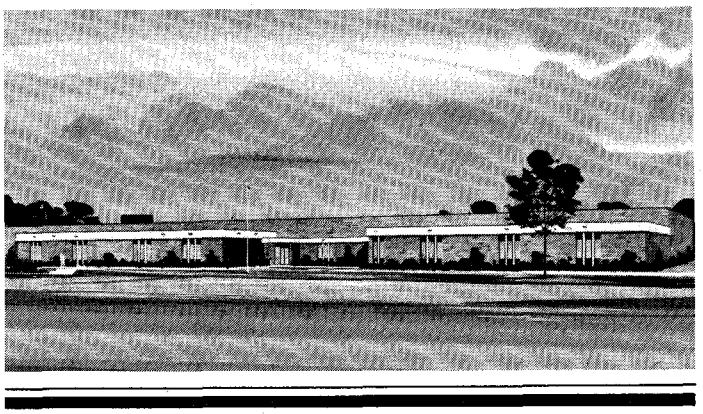
some striving for critical balance. The three young Sandinistas who cannot decide whether to execute Jazy, whom they hold at gunpoint—and, along with him, Russell and Claire—are shown as bewildered and incompetent; Jazy's courage and shrewd anti-Marxist speech *in extremis*, wherein he questions easy sympathy for a revolution started by poets before twenty years of history make its true worth assessable, cannot be denied moral authority. Even the disgusting Oates and the appalling Somoza are not entirely dehumanized, and there are oases of double-edged humor throughout.

Again, I don't believe that a wounded and bleeding man on the run could have the resourcefulness and stamina he exhibits here, or that a woman looking for him under circumstances that, by comparison, make a needle in a haystack more exposed than the Eiffel Tower would be able to find and succor him. Nor would the shooting of the American newsman be broadcast over the still-Somoza-controlled television. But such things finally matter less than the authenticity of details laying bare the randomness, stupidity, and apocalyptic illogic of war—the surrealism of it, as if it were designed not so much by strategy and tactics as by a crazed Magritte or Max Ernst. And under the horrors and imbecilities, always the manipulativeness.

The dialogue is mostly simple, believable, and good. The American flack to a woman whose lover has been murdered by Guardsmen: "Jesus Christ! A human tragedy—what can I say?" A Nicaraguan woman to Claire: "Fifty thousand Nicaraguans have died, and now a *yanqui*. Maybe we should have killed an American journalist 15 years ago." And this, from a young female Sandinista ideologue: "The world is not divided into East and West any more. It's divided into North and South." Not true, of course, but wonderful rhetoric, music to ears seeking validation, and as emotion-charged as the love song Alex plays on the piano and sings in a Managuan nightclub as he tries to woo back Claire. But, as the Nicaraguan poet Pablo Antonio Cuadra has warned in one of his poems, "*no recubras / de música tu oído*"—do not cover your hearing with music. Every "music" is delusive, as the film comes close to saying. Too bad it doesn't quite do so.

There are fine performances: Nick Nolte's Price, incredulously beginning to hear a voice other than his camera shutter's; Gene Hackman's Alex, with

Freedom to grow, Brady style



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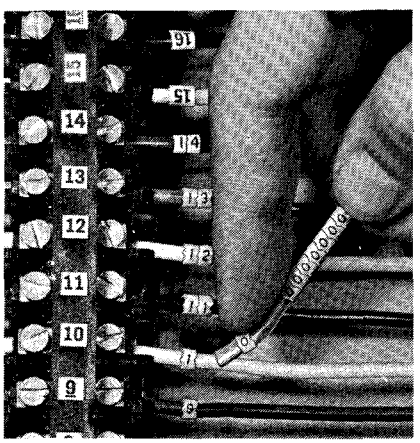

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something battering from within his sly, comfortably rumpled, casually worn face; Joanna Cassidy's Claire, whose once girlish prettiness is molded before our very eyes into care-limned womanhood. Ed Harris is prodigious as Oates, with a smile like a jumpy hatchet that threatens to crack open both his face and your skull. As Jazy, Jean-Louis Trintignant is equally disquieting with a debonair suavity and with a disarming self-inculpation that are the distracting spiel of a sinister magician. Various Hispanic actors do splendidly in smaller parts.

Thanks to Agustín Ytuarte and Toby Rafelson's art direction and Alcott's camera work under Spottiswoode's guidance, everything looks devastatedly or devastatingly right—the spurious luxuries as well as the true exiguities. And Jerry Goldsmith has come up with a lean, sinewy score in which an Andean bamboo flute is discreetly reinforced by electronics, and not too much music, either. *Under Fire* is no masterpiece, but it gives you plenty to absorb and think about. How many films nowadays can make that claim? □

SOUND ON DISC

THE GREATNESS OF BILLIE

RALPH de TOLEDANO

Billie Holiday came upon us in the days when we came upon jazz—the long-dead days when each spun performance spoke to our youth, and she sang to its truths and its posturings. The generations since have forgotten her. Forgive me, then, if like the Ancient Mariner I shake my long white beard and steel my eye to talk about her.

I first heard Billie as she sang "Strange Fruit" around the eddying cigarette smoke of Café Society. It was an agitprop song about lynching—"strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees"—sung in a now long-gone Greenwich Village nightclub. But it had its power and validity in the exquisite torture of her voice and in the ungainly beauty of a dark face starkly delineated by the baby spots. John Hammond, who contributed so much to jazz by opening doors to great musicians, had been her sponsor, and we were grateful to him and to Billie.

Those were the great days for Billie

Phil Rose

and for those who loved jazz. She was recording then on the Brunswick label against the contrived rhythms of Teddy Wilson at the piano and the sidemen he assembled, and under her own name for the cheaper Vocalion label. Name any of the fine jazz musicians of the 1930s and they were on those recording dates, backing her and playing their own rich solos in the grooves between her singing. It was a Who's Who of jazz—Benny Goodman before he had been crowned King of Swing by the PR men; Artie Shaw gut-bucketing as he never did with his own orchestra; the clear, explicit tones of Bunny Berrigan's trumpet before the liquor got him; Ellington's Johnny Hodges and the arabesques of his alto saxophone; Lester Young, out of the Basie band, and Ben Webster on tenor; great trombonists like Benny Morton and Jack Teagarden, and so many more.

It was jazz, the good and the true, all the way. Later on the drugs and the hospitals and the cures took over, but Billie continued to sing even though the bell had cracked. It was jazz because Billie had it to give. Even when she was sinking into the morass, she never lost the plangency of her voice, the perfect phrasing, the instinctive feel for how far to stray from the tune before it reasserted itself, the jazz rubato sense that told her how long to hold a note before she pursued the next, the artistry that could take a banal melody and even more banal lyrics and shred them to their essentials. You can count on the fingers of one hand the singers who could do this—and after Bessie Smith, Billie led the field.

But why bother with the years when Billie sang to strings and slick arrangements. The best years were those with the pick-up bands, the jazz men assembled just for this or that date to play their music and to give Billie the lift that she returned to them. Those best years have been brought together as *The Billie Holiday Story*, in six boxed LPs, by Blue Angel (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901; telephone 800-446-7964). It's all there in the interplay of singer and instrumentalists that explicates and adumbrates a song's inner logic, that draws out the sensibility of what is often dismissed as Tin Pan Alley.

Those who look down their noses at Tin Pan Alley should give ear to what Billie did with its product. Tin Pan Alley expressed an American idiom and an American cadence, and Billie gave us the jazz distillate. To Tin Pan Alley's sometimes saccharine voice, Billie added ironic overtones and the undertone of man's fate. Tin Pan Alley presented us with the sentimentality of "romantic" love, and Billie heightened it and gave it depth and sorrow. What American popular music offered, Billie understood and conveyed.

FOR THOSE of us who sang and danced to the golden notes of the 1930s, before rock 'n' roll made it all nasal, this Blue Angel collection of Billie Holiday is so much more than a compound of nostalgia. It is a compendium of a great musical heritage—the songs that we can still hear America singing. There are a few songs missing, and I regret them—"Billie's Blues," "Easy Living," "Summertime," for example. But the catalogue is complete enough.

And why cavil? Inevitably you return to Billie—the Billie Holiday we applauded in New York's boîtes, the Billie Holiday in shimmering satin who stood before the bands of the 1930s and 1940s in the caverns of now-vanished movie palaces, the Billie Holiday who could sing and mean the lyrics of one of her songs—"If you let me love you, it's for sure I'll love you all the way." She died tragically and ignominiously, but her legacy is there in *The Billie Holiday Story*—in a style and a voice that spoke of small but eternal verities.

In her lifetime, they tried to make a cult of her. They called her Lady Day, moving her into the make-believe aris-

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tocracy of jazz Counts and Dukes and Kings. But Billie Holiday was not that kind of "lady." She was a unique and tremendous talent who had escaped the Harlem pimps and risen to the small pantheon of great jazz singers. When Billie died, something of jazz died with her. But in these recordings, she is beyond life, beyond death. Even as we mourn her, Billie Holiday's singing says, *Sursum corda.* □

MUSIC

HAPPY ONE-HUNDREDTH

LINDA BRIDGES

At the Metropolitan Opera, the final curtain always, but always, falls by midnight. And yet here it was 1 A.M., as some 4,500 people (five hundred or so onstage, the rest in the auditorium) lifted their voices in a stirring chorus, conducted from the stage by James Levine: "*Happy birthday to you, / Happy birthday to you, / Happy birthday, dear Met! / Happy birthday to you!*"

The occasion (can we of the four thousand now say we've sung at the Met?) was the centennial of the Metropolitan Opera. Not, of course, of the opera house—the New Met, as the historically minded still call it—but of the company as a continuous operation.

It was a close thing once or twice—notably in 1933, when the Met got the best fiftieth birthday present it could have asked for: survival, after being nearly bankrupted by the Depression (this is when Mrs. August Belmont came to the fore as fundraiser extraordinaire). Several decades later—in 1969 and in 1980—labor disputes almost accomplished what the Depression had threatened.

All the more reason for General Manager Anthony Bliss to be pleased with the announcement he made at the beginning of this centennial gala: Just the day before, the musicians' union had ratified a contract through 1987. It's better, perhaps, not to tempt fate by speaking of the Met's "second hundred years"; but the next four years, anyway, look pretty good.

Mr. Bliss, a well-trained manager, did not stay to speechify, but quickly made way for the music. The performance was divided into afternoon and evening portions (tickets sold separately). There were solos, duets, and ensembles; choruses and overtures; and, alas, the second most risible ballet in the Met's repertory, the Bacchanale from *Samson et Dalila.* The singers were not all superstars; in fact, I've heard complaints about the number of has-beens and yet-to-bes, but I can't agree. This was a celebration of the continuity of an institution. The opera could never go on without a constant overlap of newcomers, old-timers, and stars in their prime, and all seemed entitled to their place on the stage this day.

In fact, there were very few who let down the side, and most of the surprises were pleasant. As Sieglinde and Siegmund, we had Jessye Norman, who as Dido earlier that week had sounded as if her voice was never going to make it to its prime, and Jess Thomas, whose Siegfried and Tristan, in years past, had been a bit tattered; today both sang heroically. Kiri Te Kanawa, whom I had found disappointing in *Arabella* last season, sang *Dove sono*, showing why it was as the Countess that she won renown. Mignon Dunn sang as well as I've ever heard her, in the Act II duet from *Aïda*, with Martina Arroyo, who has been away from the Met too long.

It was not all high points, alas. Some of the Americans, for example, seemed to choose their pieces out of a sort of linguistic patriotism. Thomas Stewart and Evelyn Lear sang "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" beautifully and idiomatically, but it was the wrong idiom for the Met. James Morris solved that problem for his pastiche from *Man of La Mancha* by singing it as if it were Italian grand opera. Meanwhile, to give the set designers a part in the celebration, the backdrops were changed at each intermission. The unlucky first group got David Hockney's set for *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, which, with its childish drawing and acidic off-primary colors, clashed badly with the cold majesty of Turandot (Eva Marton), the seductiveness of Carmen (Régine Crespin), and the incandescence of Semiramide (Joan Sutherland)—a compendium of different styles of magnificent feminine vocalism.

When a far more sequined and bejeweled audience reconvened after dinner, the evening portion got off to a rousing start with the Leonore Overture, conducted by Leonard Bernstein (actual-

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ly, Bernstein was quite subdued: I never once saw him leap above stage level), followed by Monserrat Caballé and José Carreras in the love-and-death ending of *Andrea Chénier*, the apotheosis of one strain of Romanticism; both singers were in fine voice (though Carreras, like Jess Thomas, suffers from the fact that at a house as huge as the Met, dramatic and heroic roles are more comfortable for someone with the lung power of a Franco Corelli or a Jon Vickers). They were followed by Paul Plishka, who contributed the only Russian item, Prince Gremin's Aria from *Eugene Onegin*. Andrea Velis—not a great voice, but surely the greatest character-singer of our time—and Cornell MacNeil teamed up in another scene from *Chénier*. Grace Bumbry, with Renato Bruson in the Act III duet from *Nabucco*, sounded better than she has tended to since her ill-advised move from the mezzo to the soprano repertory. Leona Mitchell and Giuliano Ciannella, two of the Met's younger singers, sang ardently—if more dramatically than lyrically—in the Act I duet from *Butterfly*. And the Met did a better job of fitting in the seven conductors and 88 soloists than I can do of mentioning all the ones I would like to.

Up to this point, the level of pleasure and excitement had been very high indeed, but not so much the emotional level: With so many disparate works, and the purely businesslike handling of traffic (no lingering curtain calls; no delayed entrances), even those who did best at sketching the dramatic context couldn't do much. (This is surely the only time I have ever listened dry-eyed to Jerome Hines singing Colline's farewell to his overcoat.)

After the evening's second intermission, though, a different sort of emotion was generated. Osie Hawkins (a Met celebrity himself, even after his career as a Wagnerian baritone ended: He is the one man on the Met's administrative staff who never needs a microphone to announce that so-and-so is indisposed) came out before the curtain to read off (without a microphone, of course) the names of some three dozen retired Met celebrities who were then given places of honor upstage, facing the audience. (Sir Rudolf Bing was not among them; but he had been applauded roundly when, many hours before, he entered the Met's Grand Tier restaurant for the pre-performance luncheon.) Among them, the honored guests spanned a good half-century of the Met's history, and there were some wonderful memories there—Rose Bampton, Zinka Milanov, Bidu Sayão, Ramón Vinay, Dorothy Kirsten, Ferruccio Tagliavini . . . It was something to watch them watching the performers, occasionally raising an eyebrow or a conducting hand; one or two clearly tempted to sing along.

And then, at approximately the witching hour, the traffic-directors' iron discipline broke down. Marilyn Horne started it: After a lush rendition of "*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ton voix*," she made a detour upstage to embrace Risë Stevens, her great predecessor as Dalila. Next came Birgit Nilsson, whose farewell appearance at the Met some schedule-watchers think this may have been. Nilsson sang Isolde's Narrative and Curse with much of her old power and expressiveness, the final notes firmly pinning back the listeners' ears, and received nothing less than an ovation. Whereupon she stepped forward and spoke to the audience *in propria persona*: One hundred years ago tonight, she said, the Metropolitan Opera opened, with Christine Nilsson leading the cast in *Faust*. In honor of that occasion, she would like to sing a favorite song of that other Nilsson's, a Swedish song called "I Remember When I Was Seventeen." (Our Miss Nilsson, as the audience knew very well, is now 65.) She proceeded to sing the song—a world away from Isolde—*a cappella*, and completed the bringing down of the house. If Luciano Pavarotti and Leontyne Price, last on the bill, couldn't top her, they did hold their own, no mean feat, with the midnight duet from *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

After that what more could one say, but happy birthday, and *buona notte*. □

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ANDRE THE GIANT

D. KEITH MANO

It's like having the whole Pleistocene age ticked off at you. André, the most famous pro wrestler of our time, glowers across breakfast with a human backhoe look: appetite depressant enough for me. He has been marginally civil—all seven feet four inches, *five hundred pounds* of him. His voice is playing at the wrong speed: sonorous, monosyllabic, as if from a buried Lascaux cave. Around us, the Ritz-Carlton Montreal restaurant belittles itself: André can scale-model anyplace downward. His teeth are three octaves from wisdom tooth to wisdom tooth. The wild, never-yet-hatted hair might be some agribusiness. Scar tissue clots thicker than cheesecake above the brow ridge: Rodin slapped clay flesh on that way. But comparisons are onerous. I'll titillate you with number work. His wrist is one *foot* in circumference. Shoe size about 22. And the *incroyable* hands: you could push a hard-boiled egg through any ring he wore. I am in retroactive childhood with him and uncomfortable. André would rather eat fried pHisopuffs than be interviewed by me at 9 A.M.

But, as we walk the five blocks to his restaurant, Le Pichet, I acquit André of surliness. *Dieu!* Never, not for one public hour, has this man gone unremarked. And the remarks are either cretinous or savage. "Hey, Mister, I hope you don't hit me." He'd better hope: once, made irritable by a careless driver, André bent down, then turned both man and car completely upside-down. He can't attend theater or film in normal fashion: his seat, after all, is bigger than the seat of several small governments. No finger will go through beer-stein handle or hit just one typewriter key. And yet André isn't some uncoordinated floor sample: he must be the greatest big athlete ever. He has extraordinary reflexes and later-

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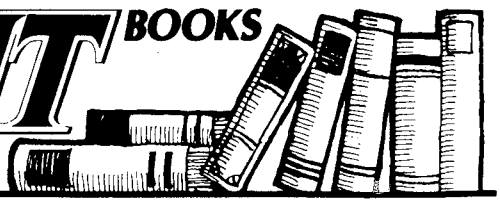
THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"I MUST CONFESS," Malcolm Muggeridge writes in his foreword to Michael D. Aeschliman's *The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism* (William B. Eerdman, 255 Jefferson Avenue, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503; paper, $4.95),

> that I have myself labored under a certain malaise in trying to appreciate Lewis as the number-one Christian apologist of our time . . . Here, Michael Aeschliman's study of Lewis has been a great help, and I am duly grateful. . . . he makes the reader see that Lewis's donnish tricks and mannerisms are no more than a façade behind which there is a humble seeker after truth, a common or garden pilgrim along the dusty highways of this world. As a pilgrim, that is to say, Lewis is Bunyan's man rather than St. Thomas Aquinas's, or John Henry Newman's, or even Cervantes's; in the Bedford tinker he rightly sees the true and lively image of Everyman making his way to the Celestial City, coping with the intervening hazards and eschewing all shortcuts.

Since Aeschliman sees Lewis as a direct intellectual and spiritual descendant of Samuel Johnson, Muggeridge probably exaggerates the point; still *The Restitution of Man* returns again and again to that "metaphysical journalist" and "holy fool" (as Aeschliman calls him), G. K. Chesterton, to whom the author likens Lewis for his oft-stated affinity for "the common man," in whose existence neither of them actually believed.

Aeschliman's book, which is really an attempt to present Lewis's work in its relation to Western thought during the past four centuries, begins by trying to account for the immense popularity of that *œuvre*, whose sales have by this time reached into the millions. Part of the reason, he suggests, is Lewis's "assumption that almost all good men who have ever thought honestly share universal convictions which may differ in detail but not in substance." He felt that the amorality, agnosticism, and atheism of much of twentieth-century culture, and especially of the culture of modernism, amounted to an aberration within the historical tradition of common sense.

Lewis devoted his life to the defense of *recta ratio*, in the grand tradition of *sapientia*, with its stress on *Homo sapiens* as opposed to *Homo sciens*. His credo had been stated, perhaps, most luminously by Johnson, who wrote: "The truth is that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is for religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong: the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be set to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions."

"Common sense to an uncommon degree," Coleridge said, "is what the world calls wisdom." If Lewis was the Great Tradition's spokesman to—and for—the "common man," it was partly because he believed that at the root of human existence lie principles accessible even to the humblest person. Increasingly, for four hundred years, these principles have been under attack by the proponents of "scientism," who believe that only factual propositions describe truth; and by "poets," who believe that in art is the salvation of their religious impulse, stripped, of course, of anything to do with religion. The "superior" knowing of "specialists" Lewis constantly opposed to the intuitive wisdom of the species, beside which he found it pitifully wanting.

BUT IF his sympathies were with the "common man" at the root, so were they with him at the branch of Western history. "Modern theory," the philosopher Hans Jonas had noted, "is about objects lower than man; even stars, being common things, are lower than man." Yet, even in the "human sciences," whose object of study *is* man, that object remains lower than man. That, Lewis believed, is the inevitable, blasphemous result of scientism. And as he wrote on in the 1930s and 1940s, he saw that result in operation everywhere about him. □

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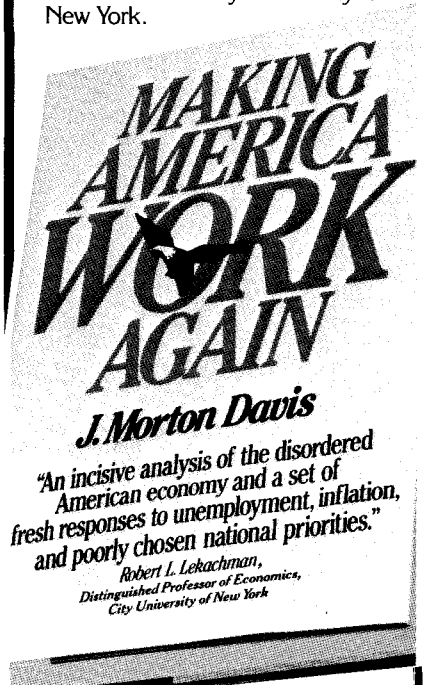
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al speed. George Allen, no fool, once offered André a Washington Redskins football contract. His body is in perfect proportion: given that piñata-sized head, seven foot four could seem, well, a medium build. And then this wretched Scotch-tape-on-her-spitcurls receptionist type is passing us. "*Quel monstre*, ugh," she will hiss. As if so much maleness in one batch affronted feminism. I feel like sticking her gum on a bedpost. With the teeth still attached.

BUT AT Le Pichet a bottle or so of white wine works like Liquid Wrench on his temperament. (André gave up beer to lose weight: once he drank 114 cans in a single day.) Now, occasionally, he'll respond with more than the usual sad-colored grunt. Yes, he was born on a farm near Grenoble in 1946. Yes, his grandfather was seven foot eight, but puny: no more than three hundred pounds. Yes, he left home at 14 for Paris and worked as a heavy-equipment mover while apprenticing himself to the Honest Sport. Yes, his farm home is somewhere near Charlotte, North Carolina. Yes, he was in love once, "long time ago, France." (Ah, how my fiction-making mind can imagine huge discrepancies of the heart and body there.) "No wrestler has ever been like me. I travel all over the world. I need a new passport every 18 months. Wherever I go they make money."

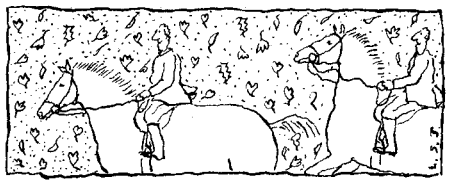
"True," a wrestling-magazine editor told me, "André can write his own ticket. He's the Muhammad Ali of wrestling, he always gets a percentage of the gate. But what he goes through—beds that his legs hang off of. If an airplane doesn't have first class, he has to sit in the aisle. Yet, boy, does it pay. In the New York City market, for instance, wrestling TV programs are #1, ahead of the Super Bowl, ahead of the World Series. Sure it's 'showmanship' but they're wonderful athletes. A body slam has to be choreographed and still it hurts. André'll wrestle three hundred matches a year. Three hundred. And half the time —hell, he weighs a quarter-ton—he'll leave a ring broken behind him."

And I sit too near ringside now. Deadbait chill from the ice rink underneath has laced my shoes again. Any wrestling crowd can disconcert an over-civil mind. Close by—beside wild octogenarian woman and Canadian blue-collar worker and subteen child—there are maybe 15 people in wheelchairs. Several have been exquisitely deformed, but they seem of one piece here and cheerful. After all, four slapstick, suave (yet, yes, distasteful) midget wrestlers have just gone off. This is a place for the grotesque and exaggerated: even in those of us whose bodies are complete. I don't have to rehearse for you the idiot good-evil simplification that pro wrestling has drained from its artificial kidney. Men slavering with fat. Superarticulated in muscle: masked, peroxided, aliased. Each match is cathartic as swatting your wife with a bataka. Abdullah the Butcher *v.* Jimmy Valiant, for instance: since GI Joe fought Adolf Hitler there hasn't been such bracing moral *claritas*, and that was too long ago.

And now André has come: not ducking between rope and rope, but—in one move—stepping *over* them all. If grotesqueness were correlative to size, then he would be at least 150 pounds more hideous than anyone. But André isn't: the man sweats sublime out. In another age, I guess, this chromosomal fluke would have made him tribal leader, Goliath, totem even. The crowd is certainly at worship. His villainous opponent, Black Jack Mulligan—a dwarfish six foot six, 330—will use unsporting tricks on André. For some while they work—so the pre-scripted melodrama of wrestling is—and then André, righteous, enormous, must rise. Mulligan, slung off the ring ropes, is rushing at him. And André, with no more than a Herculean shrug, has tossed all 330 pounds more than ten feet up. The ring will break. People rush past me: they shriek against Mulligan and their mortgage, their boss, their wayward life. I stand, too. André with his cartoon-pure hugeness is expressing the stifled indignation in this room. Marines, for a moment, land on Grenada. The hunchback in his wheelchair claps: though he has no coordination and can't quite achieve a sound. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MAKING AMERICA WORK AGAIN, *by J. Morton Davis (Crown, 290 pp., $12.95).* Despite a preface by Robert L. Lekachman, this is not an altogether bad book. The author does believe in "convergence" between socialist and capitalist economies, and in "planning" or "government industrial policies" (the government is to select industries to support, or protect—what a boondoggle!), and other tiresome and silly clichés that have earned him Professor Lekachman's approval. Like so many businessmen, Mr. Davis realizes that he plans his activities successfully and believes that, somehow, the government should be able to do the same, in some vague and unspecific way, for the economy as a whole. He does not understand that central (government) planning lacks the criteria of success of private planning (market activity), and, indeed, is in conflict with it, so as to stifle or altogether defeat the creative planning that can be done privately. This fallacy—technically the fallacy of composition, here the fallacy of socialism—grips thoughtful businessmen as readily as the power-hungry, resentful professors who would like to replace them. But despite his bondage to "liberal" clichés, Mr. Davis writes in a lucid and engaging manner. He holds our interest, and, unlike that of his mentors, his work displays neither guilt nor resentment; indeed, in many ways it represents a fresh and insightful approach. Even though there is little that is altogether new or correct in Mr. Davis's general scheme, there are many creative and original ideas in the specifics. The author obviously has a great deal of practical experience, and he puts it to excellent use when he discusses particulars. And he is right on at least some of the broader principles: opposition to general indexation, for example. Whether or not one agrees with him one can learn a great deal from Mr. Davis. He has put his experience to good use. I wish more businessmen would. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG



RECOLLECTIONS OF DEATH: *A Medical Investigation, by Michael B. Sabom (Wallaby/Simon & Schuster, 224 pp., $9.95).* More and more physicians and psychologists, finding themselves incapable of logically accounting for the phenomenon known as the "near-death experience," have taken to documenting it instead. The latest—and most reliable—of these wavering skeptics is Atlanta cardiologist Michael B. Sabom; his new book, *Recollections of Death: A Medical Investigation*, is a study of 116 people who, in Dr. Sabom's words, "survived a near-death crisis event." Applying careful statistical methodology to the analysis of data derived from these interviews, conducted over a five-year period, Dr. Sabom comes up with basically the same conclusions as everyone else currently working in the field: Near-death experiences occur in about 40 per cent of people who live through a "near-death crisis event"; the content of these experiences (a combination of vivid out-of-the-body sensations and a feeling of transcendental peace) is largely

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uniform and predictable; people who have a near-death experience clearly perceive it as being real rather than imaginary; the experience usually causes those who have it to lose their fear of death; and there are no detectable cultural, sociological, or environmental factors making one person more or less likely to have a near-death experience than another. Dr. Sabom systematically discounts all the attempts to explain away the phenomenon—they range from outright fabrication to the creation of a morphine-like substance by the dying brain—without attempting to advance any alternative explanation of his own. For many, of course, near-death experiences need no more "explaining" than does the Shroud of Turin; but Dr. Sabom's excellent book will still give skeptics something to thing about, heathens something to worry about—and believers something to dream about. TERRY TEACHOUT

SHILOH AND OTHER STORIES, *by Bobbie Ann Mason (Harper Colophon, 247 pp., $5.95).* Reading *Shiloh and Other Stories* was for me like walking into a room full of old friends. The familiarity came, not from having read these lovely stories before, but rather from recognizing in Bobbie Ann Mason's loving portrayal of Southern mountain people friends and neighbors of my childhood. In this collection, which is a paperback reprint of an earlier hardback edition, Miss Mason has captured perfectly the idiom of the region without creating caricatures. Many of these stories deal with change and the destruction of time-honored traditions and patterns of living, which often leave Miss Mason's characters stranded like whales beached by a retreating tide. Leroy Moffitt, the central character of the title story, "Shiloh," is one of those left floundering in a world he no longer recognizes. Leroy has given up truck driving because of the injuries he received in a traffic accident, and has filled his time by making various objects from craft kits because he is not sure what to do next. But even more bewildering to Leroy is the change in his wife, Norma Jean: She is improving her body by lifting weights and her mind by attending the community college. Other things have changed, too, while he was not looking. "The farmers who used to gather around the courthouse square on Saturday afternoons to play checkers and spit tobacco juice have gone. It has been years since Leroy thought about the farmers and they have disappeared without his noticing." "Residents and Transients" deals with another aspect of change. Mary Sue had returned to her western Kentucky home somewhat reluctantly after college, but now that her Yankee husband is being transferred to Louisville, she finds that she needs cornfields instead of streets. In "Detroit Skyline, 1949" a child from the Southern mountains learns about television, tall buildings, and "Reds" when she visits her uncle and aunt in Detroit. These 16 stories are devoid of drama and tragedy in the classical tradition, perhaps, but they are finely and lovingly drawn. NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

BROOKHISER

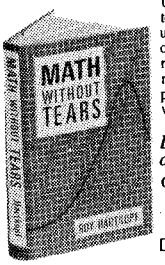
(Continued from page 1547)

The Saxon method was also tried, during the 1982-83 school year, on 296 remedial math students at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville; 299 students formed the control group. Come spring, the Saxon students outscored the control on both the departmental final and the Basic Algebra Test (Form 1B) of the Mathematical Association of America. Beverly Reed, an Arkansas math teacher who ran the study, started out "very much a skeptic" on Saxon, but now feels that "we need to look at it seriously. It follows good teaching practices."

Teachers' testimonials are not hard to come by. After the success of *Algebra I*, Saxon brought out a higher level book, *Algebra 1½*. Sister Mary Magdalene (Alamo Catholic High School, Amarillo, Texas) calls it "the best book I have ever seen." She plans to make the students who have used regular Algebra II texts go through Saxon's *1½* before going on to trigonometry. Doris McDonald (Tatum High School, Tatum, New Mexico) saw her students "doing math I didn't think first-year kids could do. They didn't know it was hard." Diana Harvey (Hillsboro High School, Hillsboro, Ohio) found students she taught from Saxon in the 1982-83 school year doubling the scores of their peers. "He's not teaching different stuff. Why other textbooks haven't done it his way, I don't know."

John Saxon knows: because other textbooks were written by "pedagogical spastics." But his message is longer on hope than indignation. "There is nothing wrong with our students; there is nothing wrong with their teachers. If students get enough practice, they can learn." □

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Lessons Learned en Route To Martin Luther King Day

On The Right

New York, Nov. 7—Well, Martin Luther King Day is now official. I have given my own reasons, arguably idiosyncratic, for being unexercised over the relative slight to such as Lincoln, Jefferson, Madison, who have no holiday in their honor. Let it be. But the general discussion has left this observer focusing on two (related) matters. The first was brought up in a general way by Senator Jesse Helms, but the analytical juice was best wrung out of it by James Jackson Kilpatrick. The second point of interest was put forward in a letter to the *New York Times* by an associate fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., a gentleman named Michael Parenti.

What Jesse Helms wanted to know was whether Dr. King had ties to the Communist Party. What James J. Kilpatrick wanted to know was why nobody showed any interest in the question whether Dr. King had any such ties, preferring to blast Senator Helms for bringing up the subject at all. Mr. Kilpatrick's point was that sheer curiosity would normally prompt a press that prides itself on its investigative resources to go deeply into such a question as whether the first American since George Washington to be proposed as an official national hero had ties to the Communist movement. What Michael Parenti wanted to know was: What difference does it make if someone does have ties with the Communist Party?

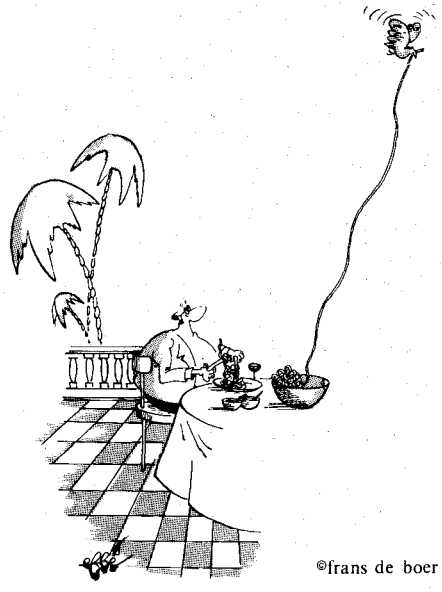
The word "McCarthyism" has been put to many uses since it became a part of the pejorative repertoire. But I do not think it has ever been stretched quite so far before. Joseph Sobran has on several occasions pointed out that apologists for the Communists have a wonderfully sophisticated line these days. They are capable of saying such things as, in effect, that it is McCarthyite to suggest that Julius Rosenberg was a Communist and, anyway, what does it matter if he was? One can see that two polemical points are being scored. The first disparages the critic; the second advances the ideological front. So that the critic of Rosenberg is denounced as a McCarthyite, and Rosenberg's affiliations are held to be either of no importance or—and here is the direction in which we are moving—actually commendable.

Writes the associate fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies: "What is obscene about associating with Communists?"

Now watch. "By treating the charge as something horrific, liberals once again accept the McCarthyite premise that U.S. Communists are purveyors of evil and that any association with them taints one forever." The slightest familiarity with history reminds us that that wasn't what the fight was about thirty years ago, not at all. The quarrel was over whether McCarthy correctly imputed pro-Communism to this target or that target, or whether he was wildly accusing people of pro-Communism notwithstanding that there was no evidence of any such thing. That Communism was an evil was not doubted by any of McCarthy's critics, save those who were themselves Communists, explicit or crypto. But Michael Parenti is just warming up:

"The three areas in which King was most active—civil rights, peace, and the labor struggle—are also areas in which U.S. Communists have worked long and devotedly."

Consider, so as to make the picture plain, Mr. Michael Harrington. He is a leader of the Democratic Socialists of America. He is in favor, obviously, of socialism. He is also in favor of "civil rights, peace, and the labor struggle." What is it that distinguishes him from an American Communist? Quite simply this, that he is in favor of civil rights, peace, and the labor struggle even in the Soviet Union. Moreover, he is in favor of all these things in America irrespective of what the Kremlin decides it wants in America at any given moment. The Communists are distinctive in one respect alone: their servility to the Soviet Union; and, derivatively, their willingness to deny civil rights, break the peace, and imprison labor-union leaders, in order to further the single cause that binds them together, namely the desire for Soviet domination of the world.



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The Institute for Policy Studies is often referred to as a "liberal think-tank." To the extent that its views are those of its Associate Fellow Michael Parenti, it is most accurately referred to as a pro-Communist think-tank. But then, as Mr. Parenti would point out, what's so bad about being pro-Communist? What's so bad about being pro-Gulag?

The brief debate over Martin Luther King's apotheosis has been illuminating. The next national holiday should perhaps commemorate the end of historical curiosity. That goes with the end of moral sensitivity. □

LIBERALS AND THE JACKSON RACE

New York, Nov. 9—Have you noticed that for all the talk of equality and of equalization, there is nevertheless support given to action designed to stress, if not inequalities, then a divisive distinctiveness? The whole idea of a color-blind society, as we know, evolved into a call for quotas. And the whole idea of the fusion of interests—the century of the common man—has become a tangled congeries of group interests. The two schools of thought are running into each other in a very practical way, thanks to the Reverend Jesse Jackson.

Here is the way a pedigreed liberal on the staff, say, of Mr. Walter Mondale would think out loud on the matter.

1. It is quite right that the black population should vote for the Democratic Party. Because the Democratic Party is the party of the "little people," and the blacks are little people.

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2. It is also true that in addition to being plain little people, they are also racially distinct, that is to say, they are black, unlike other little people who are white. You ask, Does this add up to special demands they are entitled to make, which little people who are not black are less entitled to make? Well, the answer to that is yes. They are entitled to see to it that they are not discriminated against because of their distinctive blackness.

3. Now all the little people, including black little people, should vote for Walter Mondale in the primaries and vote for him in the general election, because he stands for the interests of the little people.

4. Vote for Jesse Jackson? Certainly they should not vote for Jesse Jackson. Jesse Jackson is simply going to prevent the kind of unity we need before the little people can take power again. The only thing Jesse Jackson has going for him is that he is black.

5. What did you say? That the black people are precisely in a mood to stress their blackness? Why? We are looking after the factor of racial discrimination, aren't we? So why do we need a black man to do the job Walter Mondale would do, if it's exactly the same objective the two have in mind? All you are doing is taking the factor of *black* and causing it to be determinative in every situation. Our objective is to serve all little people, and if some little people are black, what is really important is that they are little people, not that they are black little people, once you have got discrimination under control.

6. Racial pride? Well, we have nothing against racial pride. Some of my best friends have racial pride. But the point is that we live in a common society and we need to pool our interests, as Mr. Mondale was saying the other day, and the fact that Jesse Jackson is black and Fritz Mondale is white has absolutely nothing to do with the proven superiority of Fritz Mondale as a statesman of vast experience. You know, you can overdo this racial-pride business, and the next thing you know, you're going to racial-pride yourself into a second term for Ronald Reagan.

7. Well why shouldn't we call out to the blacks as a group? Ninety-five per cent of them are supporting the Democratic Party. Damn good thing. They know what's best for them. What did you say? You said they think the best thing going for them is that they have a presidential candidate who is of their own race? What does being black have to do with it? What? You asked what does being black have to do with getting into a medical school? That's different, that's affirmative action. Why not affirmative action toward the Presidency? Well, I mean, one thing at a time. Remember, we are dealing with little people. What do I call the Republicans? Well, they are not little people, they are the party of entrenched interests. Why shouldn't the black people want to be entrenched interests? Well they should. I mean, they should want to have the best of everything. So why shouldn't they want to be Republicans if the Republicans have the best of everything?

8. Clearly you don't understand. Just remember this: *a*) Black people should vote as a group. *b*) They should vote for the Democratic candidate who is the best qualified. c) The black candidate is not the best qualified. *d*) If there are blacks who think the black candidate is the best qualified, then the blacks should not vote as a group, they should vote, as many of them as possible, for Walter Mondale. It's simple, if you just put your mind to it. □

THINKING ABOUT POLAND IN TEXAS

Austin, Tex., Nov. 11 —On the way down I read about *Poland*, the remarkable book by James Michener, who is scorned by those of the intelligentsia in America who do not read his books (those who do are instant converts, even as academicians tend to brush off *The Story of Civilization* by Will Durant as sciolistic, until they read it), in which Michener tells of a nation whose very life was obliterated for 125 years before World War I, and which now continues to face a deterioration—yes, a deterioration—in its standard of living. "No, life has not improved," *New York Times* executive editor A. M. Rosenthal wrote, revisiting Poland a few months ago after 24 years (he was booted out for writing the truth in 1959). "It has become worse. It staggered me to discover that, as it does to write it." The first day Rosenthal was in Poland he joined spontaneously a funeral procession for a 19-year-old boy who had been beaten to death by the police more or less for the fun of it, there being no other explanation for it than that some people actually amuse themselves by torturing other people.

Arriving in Austin, Texas, with mechanical paperwork in hand that required no concentration, I turned on the television and found myself listening to a man lecturing uninterrupted to an audience whose enthusiasm the viewer could every now and then detect. He was talking about how in 1954 the leaders of the United States conspired to take from the people of Guatemala and their elected leader, Colonel Arbenz, the small power they had painfully amassed. All the government wanted was to take from the United Fruit Company its unused land, so that the peasants might have land of their own. The Guatemalans had offered a few dollars per acre, the United Fruit Company had held out for twenty times that amount, and, before you knew it, prospects for reform had evaporated—along with the government of Colonel Arbenz. The speaker said that it gradually transpired that the principal actors in this anti-democratic coup were Henry Cabot Lodge, John Foster Dulles, and Allen Dulles—all of whom had commercial interests in the United Fruit Company.

A half-hour later, in his course on contemporary history demonstrating the exploitative hunger of acquisitive American imperialists, the speaker got to the Korean airliner, Flight 007. "That was a dastardly deed," he said. Pause. "The question is: Who were the dastards?" Laughter, applause.

"There's almost nothing an American on welfare or a Briton on the dole would buy in Warsaw's main department store," Rosenthal writes. It isn't that Poles are kept unaware that such luxuries exist as electric coffee makers, or watches, or pens, or toasters, or canned food, or color television. These can be seen in store windows —of establishments open only to those who have dollars to spend. Twenty-four years ago in Poland these commercial luxury resorts were secreted away from casual public perception, behind windowless walls, in locations known only to tourists and Poles with dollars sent by relatives abroad. Now the Polish government simply does not care about the acuteness of the public sense of deprivation. The big shopping day is on Saturdays from 9 to 12, and what appears to be all of Poland gathers for the feast. "I came close to tears in that marketplace," Rosenthal commented. "Spread out over acres and acres, in piles on the ground or in small stalls, was junk, acres and acres of pitiful, second-hand junk."

James Michener is by nature an optimist, who can't help concluding that one day the rays of enlightenment will penetrate the most Stygian darkness. But he sighs, in contemplating Poland. How old are its problems? "Whenever the people of Poland enjoy a better life than those in Russia, we are in mortal danger." Catherine the Great, 1792.

Dare one hope, the Soviet Union having so decisively demonstrated that hope is forbidden under the new constitution? "Hope for Poland," writes Rosenthal, "belongs to the Poles: Only they pay the price. But the realization of the strength and pervasiveness of hope—hope for a Soviet change of heart, hope for a miracle, hope in themselves, hope undefined—did affect me. Not dramatically; it just opened my mind a bit, made me see a little more clearly." What one sees a little more clearly is that everywhere in America, not alone in the revolutionary cafés of Greenwich Village or in centers of anomie like Haight-Ashbury—there is moral rot at work. Pray God your audience will continue small, late at night, on public-access channels. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Public Enemy Number One — 7 126 19 29 102 110 66 171 153

B. A type of terrorist — 13 68 91 137 74 140 59 22

C. One of a small group of rulers — 116 189 56 41 77 48 85 99

D. Mr. Reagan's party — 125 123 154 160 135 176 14 70 73 2

E. The form of government during Old Testament times — 157 86 128 191 113 69 23 146 177

F. Traditional policy of the GOP regarding imports (2 words) — 43 173 133 83 163 168 103 112 187 117

G. A town in Italy, southwest of Asti — 67 30 141 37 155 94

H. TOE WHIFF (anagram) — 186 180 34 172 105 88 38 72

I. Neophytes — 9 25 40 111 32 45 76 92 44 82

J. Grover Cleveland's designation before he became governor of New York (hyph.) — 36 151 50 108 129 107 16 3 142

K. What some of the New Testament epistles are — 47 17 181 190 131 138 150

L. A prolific mystery author (full name) — 62 81 109 42 10 96 127 147 178 12 28 185 60 84

M. A follower of a certain Italian painter — 93 5 115 122 148 159 71 79 104 51

N. A royal park in London (2 words) — 24 156 26 139 152 4 165 49 149 63

O. Where many a traffic jam occurs — 1 145 90 64 89 97 11 78 98 20 33 52

P. *According to Thomas* Hardy, he returned — 61 114 169 39 57 100

Q. More precipitous — 166 55 106 175 124 179 143

R. Unguents for the skin — 188 162 132 53 65 144 6 15 182

S. A city in California, on the Colorado River — 80 58 164 31 18 170 134

T. A state of excitement or worry — 174 167 183 192

U. What Babe Ruth was as a pitcher, hitter, and fielder, but not as an autographer (hyph.) — 75 8 101 121 158 27 161 184 46 130

V. An expression of unhappiness — 87 119 54 21

W. A principality of the United Kingdom — 95 118 120 136 35

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1570 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 O	2 D		3 J	4 N	5 M	6 R	7 A	8 U		9 I	10 L	11 O		12 L	13 B
14 D	15 R	16 J	17 K	18 S		19 A	20 O	21 V	22 B	23 E	24 N	25 I		26 N	27 U	28 L	
29 A	30 G	31 S	32 I		33 O	34 H		35 W	36 J	37 G	38 H	39 P	40 I	41 C		42 L	43 F
44 I		45 I	46 U	47 K	48 C	49 N	50 J	51 M	52 O	53 R	54 V	55 Q	56 C	57 P	58 S	59 B	
60 L	61 P		62 L		63 N	64 O	65 R	66 A	67 G	68 B	69 E	70 D	71 M	72 H		73 D	74 B
75 U		76 I	77 C	78 O	79 M	80 S	81 L		82 I	83 F	84 L		85 C	86 E	87 V	88 H	89 O
	90 O	91 B	92 I	93 M	94 C		95 W	96 L	97 O		98 O	99 C	100P		101U	102A	103F
104M	105H	106Q	107J		108J	109L	110A	111I	112F	113E	114P	115M		116C	117F		118W
119V	120W		121U	122M	123D		124Q	125D	126A	127L	128E	129J	130U	131K	132R	133F	134S
	135D	136W	137B	138K	139N		140B	141G		142J	143Q	144R	145O	146E	147L		148M
149N		150K	151J	152N	153A	154D	155G	156N		157E	158U	159M		160D	161U	162R	163F
164S	165N		166Q	167T	168F	169P	170S	171A		172H	173F	174T	175Q	176D	177E		178L
179Q	180H	181K	182R	183T	184U		185L	186H		187F	188R	189C	190K	191E	192T		

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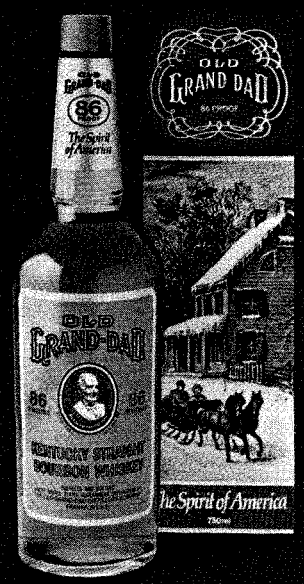

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